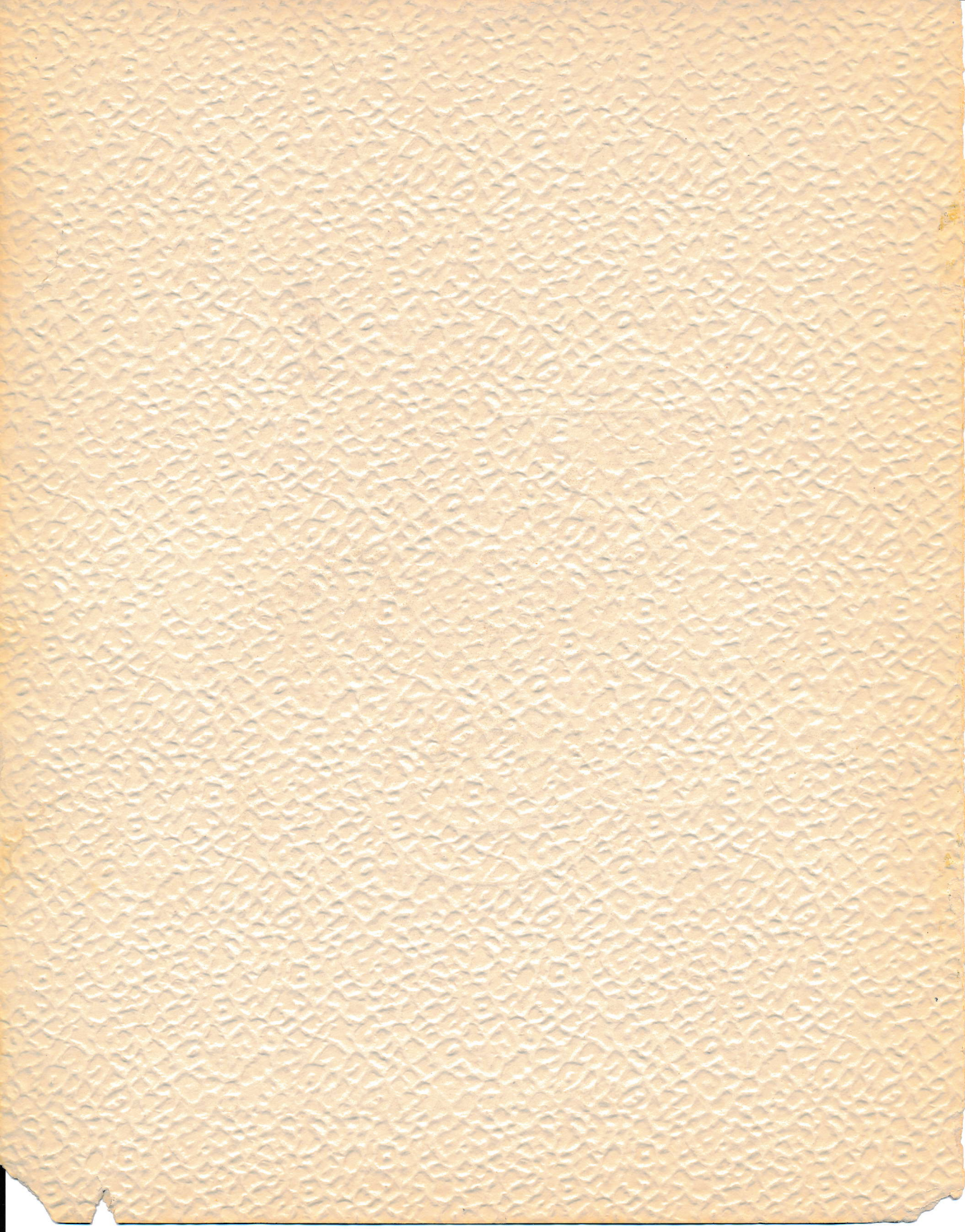
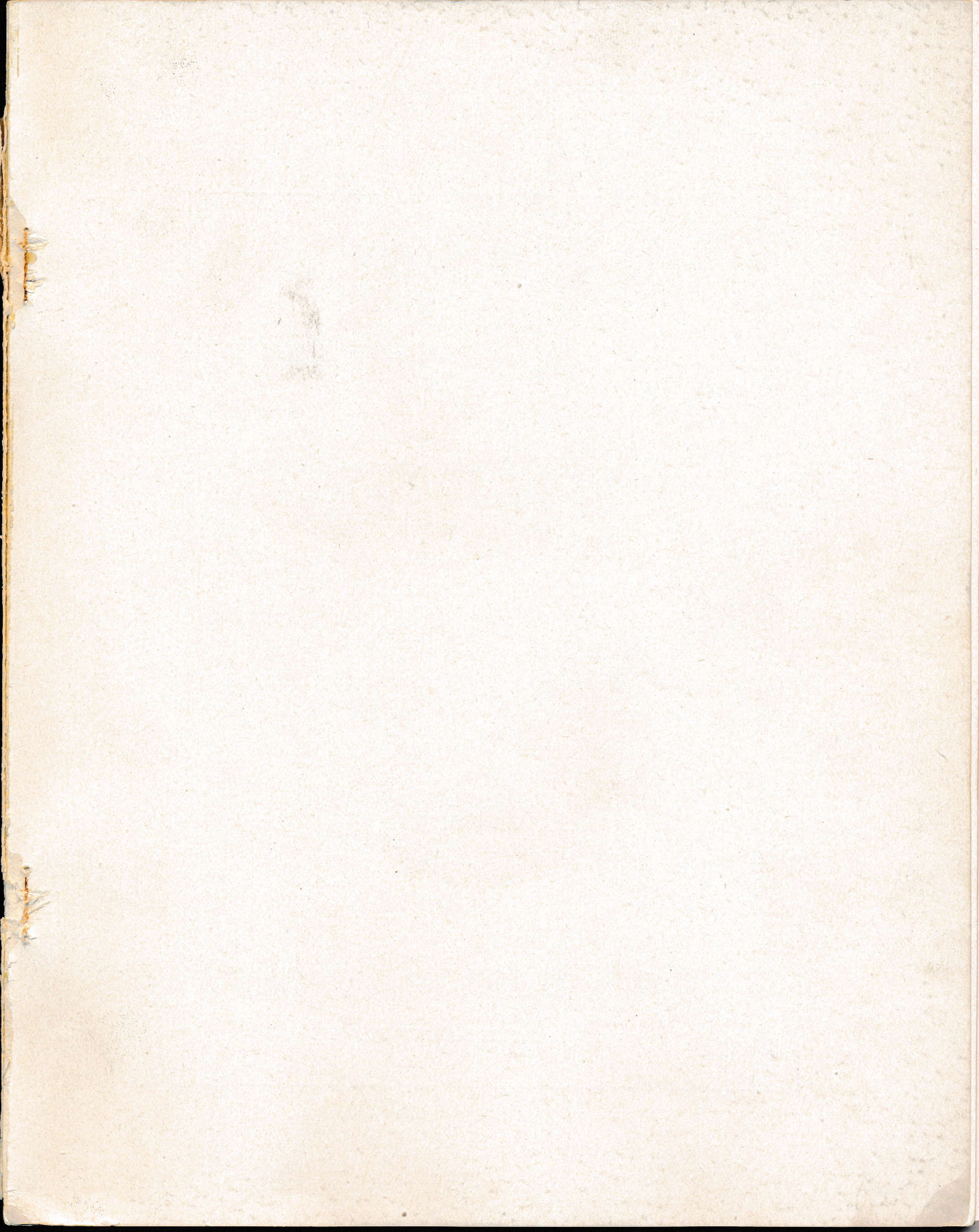


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'96

Kalamazoo High School





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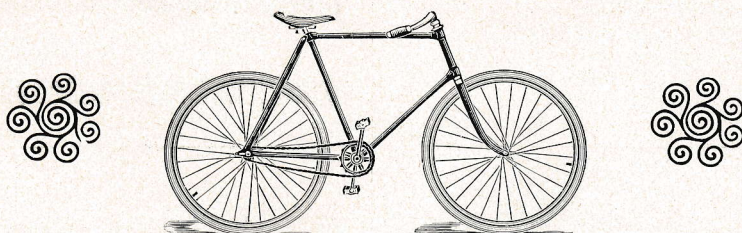


"The occupation a man makes of his leisure time, what he reads,
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largely molds his future."

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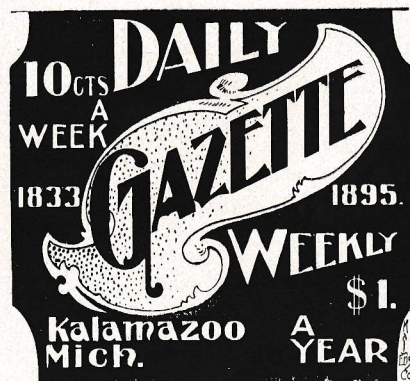
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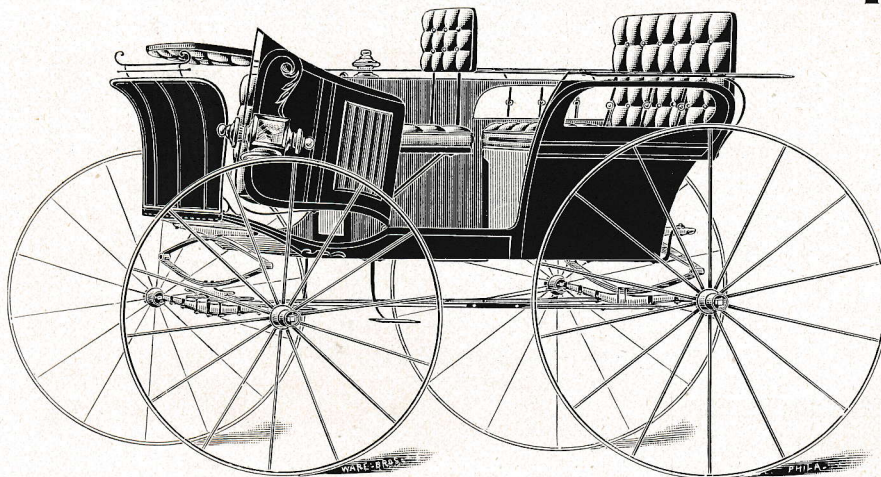
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Class Motto: "Goods well bought are half sold."

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CLASS POEM:

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Some are tied; an endless lot.
A tie; to tie, is a good tie to buy,
And he is wise, who buys these ties.

CLASS PROPHECY:

Every attainment is an added call for progress. Our future aim shall be to bring our line of goods up to that grade of perfection which alone will satisfy us and give us the assurance that our patrons are satisfied.

CLASS SONG:

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT,
Whether he stands or whether he sits,
A shirt bought of Wentworth usually fits.
Shirts immaculate white,
Suitable for day or night.

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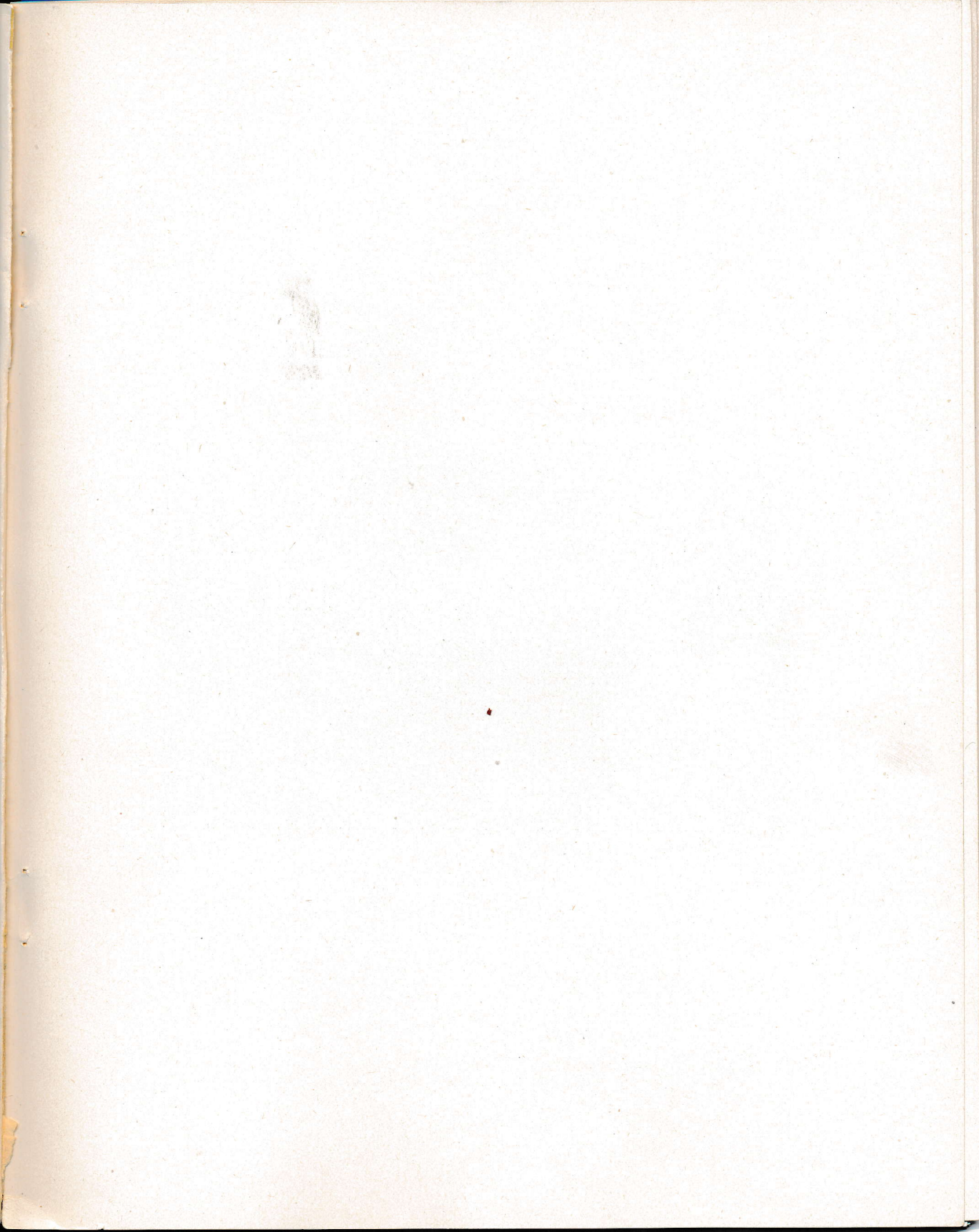
Webster's definition: "A ridiculous or empty show." To sell goods originally at such enormous profit that a cut in prices is made for the benefit (?) of the purchaser, becomes a mere farce.

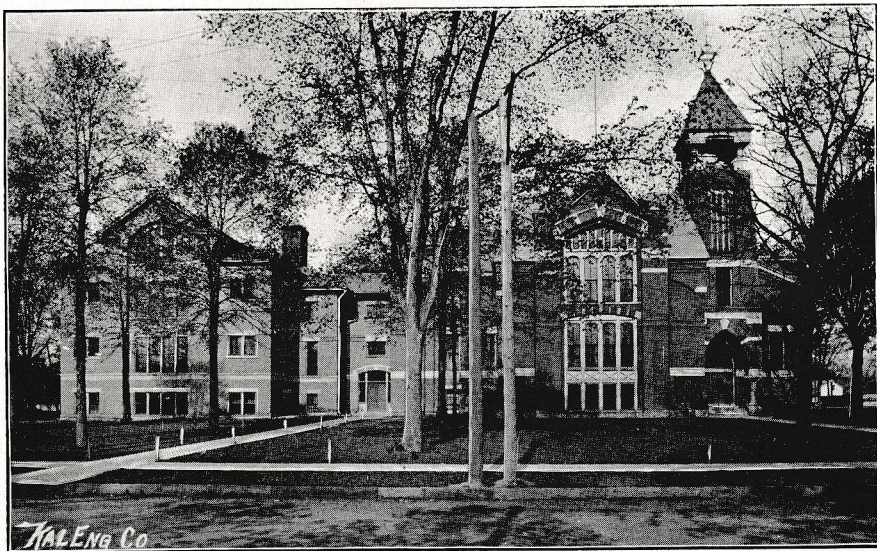
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With all the power of true excellence, the power of our prices is practical. We hope with the coming season and enlarged opportunities, to add new laurels to those we have already won.

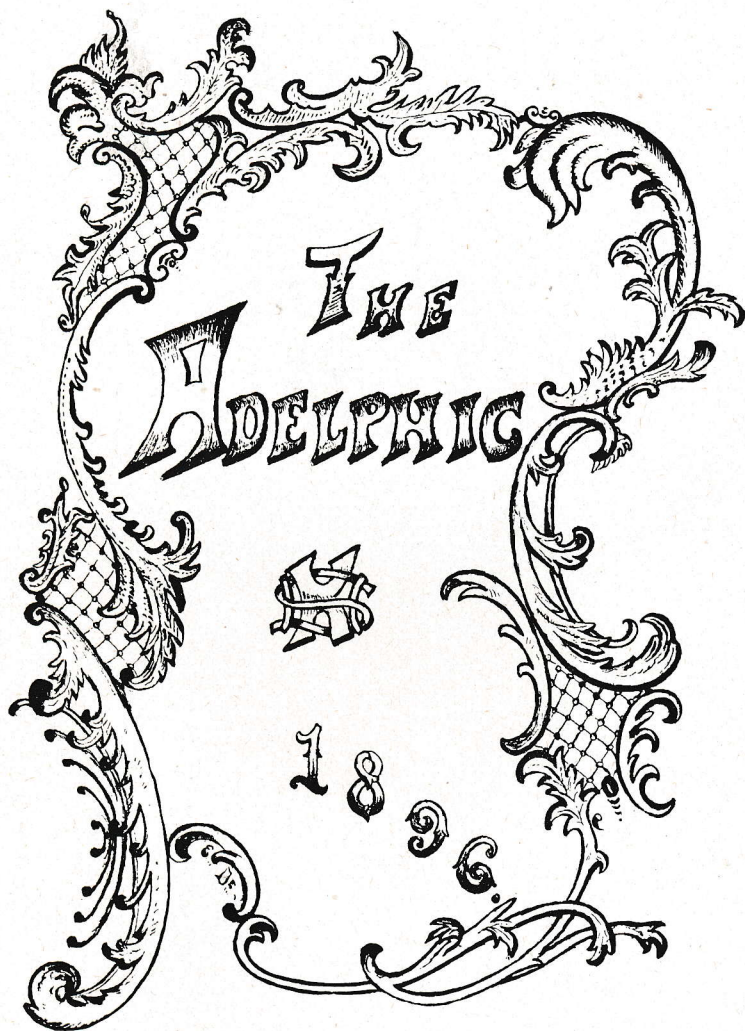


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KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

With anxious hearts, but purpose strong,
We send Thee forth, Adelpic true,
To show all pupils in Life's school
That we are striving upward, too.
Fortune attend Thee! for in Thee
Are centered many hopes and fears;
And may Thy trusty pages bear
Our message through the coming years;
Not harshly judged, be stilled Thy song,
Fraternal love, and friendship strong.

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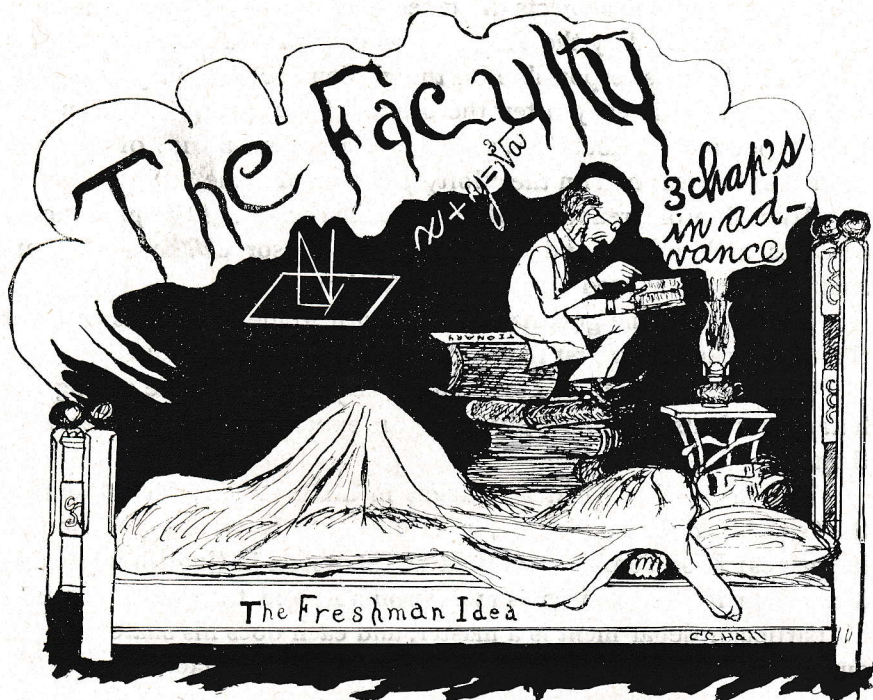
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The fame and usefulness of all institutions depends on the greatness of those who teach in them.—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE instructors of our High School number eleven. Of these, Michigan University is represented by five, Amherst College by one, Wellesley College by one, Ypsilanti Normal School by one, and Michigan Female Seminary by one. Although nearly all of the present teachers have come to us within the last four years, there still remain several representatives of "former times" in the High School. The principal has charge of the higher Latin classes, and also of those classes which need "special training in special directions." He possesses the extraordinary ability of being in more than one place at the same time, to the great annoyance of Seniors who find it much pleasanter to study in some secluded nook than in the places assigned for study. His morning lectures are beneficial, and indicate

deep thought on the subjects discussed, although—sad to relate—they are not appreciated by the Freshmen as they should be.

Miss Clarke is responsible for the glorious poetical inspiration (?) which has seized many after the study of the great American and British poets; and, doubtless, sooner or later, the names of many of these will be inscribed on the "lofty pinnacle of fame."

Miss Munro is renowned throughout the school as the propounder of dates and events, and also as the possessor of those "delicate shafts of sarcasm" used on so many occasions.

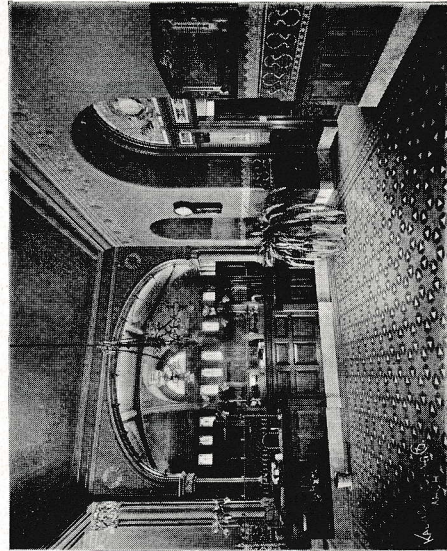
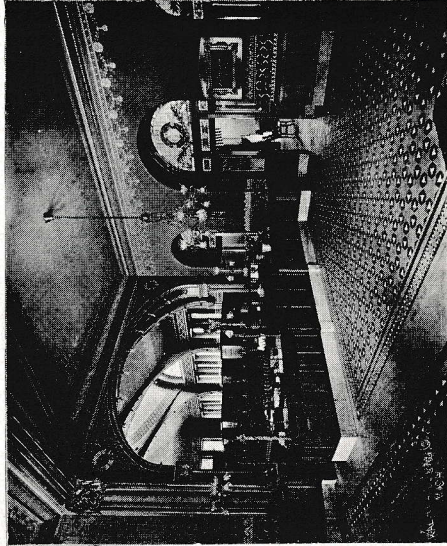
Miss Cobb is the guardian of the ninth grader, and it is with her that they spend their first happy hours in the High School.

The untiring zeal and constant labor of Miss Peake among her botany students will probably mark an epoch in the life of each of them.

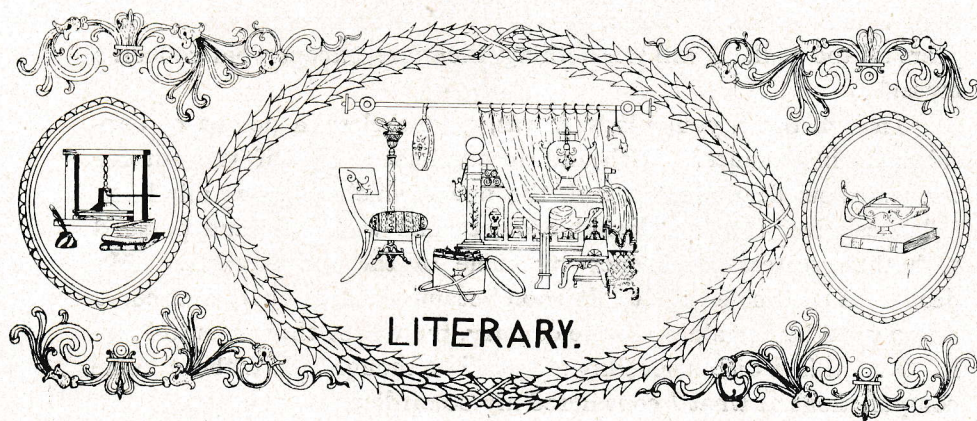
The instruction of Miss Watson in mathematics; Miss Prentice, the "squelcher" of small boys, in Latin; Miss Howard in the modern languages; Miss Tomlinson and Miss Thompson in English work, and Mr. Worth in the sciences, is most profitable and thorough. Each in his particular department is a master, and each does his share to make our education a perfect whole. The desire of the faculty to arouse cravings for knowledge in those under their charge is shown by their endeavors in the class-room, but especially by their weekly consultation, when the needs and deficiencies of each student are carefully considered. We are told—it came straight—that these deliberations to devise some act of vengeance on the reckless shirk are sometimes kept up until the wee small hours of the morning.

But "there is no royal road to learning," the "worth" of which statement is realized in physics, and even with the aid of willing instructors, acquiring an education is no easy task.





KALAMAZOO PUBLIC LIBRARY.



MY CHORUS OF GHOSTS.

PRIZE STORY.

TELL us a ghost story, you say? Well, yes! Give me your attention, and I can and will tell you one that is a little out of the usual order, perhaps, but I trust it will be entertaining; as to believing it, use your own discretion. All I know is what I saw and heard.

It was in the year 19—, in one of the worst seasons of the late Civil War in America. Alas! you know the history of those dreadful years all too well. I will tell nothing, therefore, except what concerns myself.

Though but a young lady, I was, nevertheless, a person of considerable importance. Rich and accomplished, one of the notable women of our dear country, with the power which a strong mind and influence give, I was a desirable object, and was hated and pursued with the greatest persistency by some of the secessionists. My death was their sole object. It soon became evident that, as I could do no good by remaining in the country, the wisest thing was to leave it. And this I did as speedily as possible, though not without some compunctions at what I considered my cowardice.

At the time when I had the adventure I am about to relate, I was travelling through some of the southern states with my brother Francis, hard chased by a party of our enemies. We had with us a couple of friends, a young man and his sister, whose acquaintance we, who were proud and exclusive beyond due limit, had not before this time cared to cultivate, but who had grown very dear to us in our race together, for life or death, across the country.

But it was evident that we must separate. We had learned that our pursuers had obtained a description of our "party of four with horses," and would be sure to recognize us in spite of our disguises. But Doris, our dear Doris, who had always been delicate, was in a very serious condition, caused by the fatigue and excitement of our rapid,

perilous journey; and we were obliged to travel slowly and stop often, much to our disadvantage, as it attracted too much attention. The next place where we had friends and felt that it would be safe to stop, was still many miles distant. Because we had to travel so slowly, we feared that our pursuers would be upon us before we arrived at F——. As I was the one of the party who was the most hotly chased and the most likely to be recognized, I must leave the others and join them later. But where was I to go?

Our affairs were in this perplexing condition on a fine summer's morning, as we were riding through a beautiful part of the country which was familiar to Doris and her brother, Alison. The latter was showing us many of the beautiful views, which, in spite of our anxiety, we enjoyed to the utmost, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Doris, Francis, Edith, I have a plan! Why not go to Myrtle Hall, where I have successfully hidden so many times, and stay? It is out of the way and will deceive our enemies." Francis and I looked at each other in delight, but Alison added: "But, no! I must get Doris to F—— as soon as possible. Francis, you and Edith shall go, however; you will be perfectly safe there, and I have often promised you a visit home. I will show you the way; it is not very far, and we will plan as we go." And turning his horse, he set off, while we followed, surprised at this sudden movement of the quiet, dreamy young man.

Myrtle Hall was originally a manor house. It had belonged to the —— family for years, and had finally descended to Alison, he and Doris being the only members of the family living. It was about two miles off the main road, and was so hidden by trees and overgrown shrubs that it was difficult to discover. Acres and acres of land stretched on all sides of it; and Alison looked at it sadly as we rode up, saying: "I have not been here for over a year, and Doris for two, so things are not in very good condition."

The front door opened into a large hall in the middle of the house. On the left, the same amount of space was devoted to one immense room, beautifully furnished with comfortable chairs, several sofas, books and musical instruments, a piano, two guitars, two mandolins, a violin, and a cornet.

"My passion, you see," said Alison, smiling. He and Doris bade us make ourselves perfectly at home. After a short rest they rode on and Francis went with them. He intended to accompany them for a short distance and return to me before night, though Alison said he supposed I wasn't at all afraid of ghosts. Now, though I never would admit, even to myself, that I believed in them, I always did have a fear of ghosts, but, of course, didn't intend to admit it to Alison. So I merely laughed and said I was quite contented.

But what a good time I had that day, in spite of my loneliness. I explored the whole house, which was very dusty, but otherwise in good order. I tried all the sofas and chairs in turn, tuned the guitars, and even tried a few notes on the cornet, which woke the sleeping echoes in the large old room.

The day had been unusually clear, but in the middle of the afternoon the sky became clouded, and, much to my dismay, it began to storm. And such a storm! As for myself, for awhile it did not disturb me, for the large parlor was very cheerful with its many windows and the grate fire; but what of Francis, Doris and Alison? And then, in the midst of my worry for them came the thought: "Frank will not be able to return to-night and I must stay here *alone!* Ghosts!" I shivered, then laughed at my foolishness, and thought I would light up the parlor so that Frank would have something to guide him if he did come.

After getting my supper, I fastened all the doors and windows securely and retired to the parlor, which I lighted brilliantly; then, locking all the doors but one, from the parlor into the hall, I chose the most comfortable chair and read for a long time, occasionally listening intently for the sound of Frank's horse. About eleven o'clock I became aware that I had been reading the same sentence over and over again for nearly five minutes without having the least idea what it meant. I was getting nervous; this would never do.

I went to the piano and began playing. The sound of the music reassured me, and I felt my courage coming back again. I do not remember what I played at first, but presently I began the prelude of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from "Norma." Instantly the door at the other end of the room, the only one I had left unlocked, opened, and

a strange procession came slowly in. It was led by an old gentleman, white-haired and bent, and consisted of children, young men and maidens, middle-aged men and women, and a few older, and white-haired as the leader. Instinctively adapting the music to their marching as best I could, I played until they were all in the room and arranged as a large chorus. And O how they sang! Was I afraid? Not I! Who could be frightened when leading a chorus that rendered such heavenly music! I tried them on everything; anthems, ballads, glees, national songs, whatever I suggested by a few notes or measures on the piano, was sung with the perfection of long practice and perfect familiarity. It made the tears run down my cheeks to hear "America." Poor, bleeding America! And I, never much of a singer, joined in with them, borne along by my own passion and their irresistible strength.

We sang for hours, stopping occasionally for rests of a few minutes only. During one of these rests, I cast my eyes longingly at the other instruments. The aged spirit who led the chorus, reading my thoughts, smiled, and picking up the instruments gave them to some of the other spirits. The cornet fell to the lot of a very pretty little girl of about twelve years, who played with a skill that surprised me. Our orchestra improved the music, if that were possible, and I wished only for my three companions.

Finally the leader said, sighing: "One more, my friend, and then we must go. What shall it be?" "Oh stay!" I cried, turning and facing the company. "Let me thank you for the comfort, the intense pleasure, you have given a poor, persecuted woman this lonely night. I—" "Nay!" said the friendly old spirit, in his rich, melodious voice, holding up his hand to check me, while smiles of satisfaction were to be seen on every face, "the thanks are ours. We have not had such a treat for years. Your absent host, the owner of this house, is a very nice young man, and, as you know, very musical. But we have never had a chance to appear to him, as there are only certain times when we can come out, and then we must be called by the music. We must now go back. What will you play for us?" I struck a few chords, and seeing the pleased look on his face, again played the Hallelujah Chorus, and they sang it as I have never heard it sung but once

since. I continued to play until they were all out of the room and had closed the door gently behind them. Then, rising from the piano stool, I flung myself down on one of the comfortable sofas and at once fell asleep, utterly exhausted.

I was awakened by Frank's voice saying, gently, "Edith, Edith!" "Oh dear Frank!" cried I, "I am so glad you have come. Are the others safe?" After he had assured me that they were, and I had made him comfortable, I told him my story. He did not ridicule me—dear Francis, he never did—but smiled and said I had had wonderful dreams in the old house. But when I told Alison, after Frank and I had joined him and Doris, he, too, smiled in his serious, thoughtful way and said: "I have heard of it, Edith. Do you not remember, Doris, it is one of the old stories connected with Myrtle Hall."

* * * *

Several years afterward, when the country was settling down a little after its terrible experience of war, Francis, Doris, Alison and I were planning where to spend our vacation. We had all been working hard and felt that we needed and deserved one.

"Alison," I said to my husband, "do you still own Myrtle Hall?" "Yes," he replied. "Then let us visit it," I cried. "Edith wants to hear her ghost chorus again," said Francis. "Yes, and I want you all to hear them. I am surely the lady of Myrtle Hall, and I invite you to be my guests."

After more talk it was decided that Alison and I should go to Myrtle Hall and spend at least one night, but Francis and Doris could not be persuaded to accompany us. So, agreeing to meet them at a certain point, we began our journey one pleasant day, going the last part of the way on horseback, by my preference. The house looked as it did when I first saw it, but a kind neighbor had aired and dusted it, making it more fit for habitation.

After our supper, Alison and I sat by the pleasant grate fire and read and talked together until eleven. "Do you think they will come, Edith?" he said. "I hope so, and I think they will," I answered, and took my seat at the piano. Alison stood by me and watched with curious eyes, as, at the first notes of the Hallelujah Chorus, the door

opened and the strange procession filed in. After the song, the leader picked up the instruments and gave them to those who had had them before; but he gave the violin to Alison, saying: "We wish you to be one with us." And, beautifully as he always played, I never heard him play as he did that night. I, too, felt a power over the keys that I had only felt the first night that I led my strange chorus.

It was far into the night when the old spirit said, sadly: "Shall we sing the Hallelujah Chorus to close with?" "But you will let us thank you," cried Alison and I together. "Yes," he said, smiling, "we can see your thanks in your enjoyment. And we are equally grateful to you. You have heard of us, sir?" turning to Alison. "We see, by your playing to-night, that you are a fit owner of Myrtle Hall, always famous for its music." Alison bowed, unable to speak. I began the prelude, the other instruments joining in, the triumphant music of the violin rising above all. And how that chorus rang! How divinely it was sung! I can feel the thrill even now. The last note died away, the chorus turned and marched silently out, the old leader closed the door softly behind him, and my husband and I were left alone with the fire leaping and sparkling in the grate.

BEULAH PUTNAM.



RHETORIC.


I cannot say I like thy form,
It is by far too thick;
Thou stuffy, solemn dogmatist,
Thou endless Rhetoric.
Thou 'mindest me of parrot birds.
That chatter on with might,
And everything thou say'st by rote
I forthwith have to write.

Thou art a foggy, Rhetoric,
I know it by thy care
O'er ev'ry unimportant thing
To split each sev'ral hair;
And if I try to copy you,
I know I shall be bald,
So if you lead me to this plight,
You'll sorry names be called.

O, tell me if, as I advance,
Thy int'rest will wax, too?
And if you'll pleasure be to me,
And I'll think more of you?
For O, you've been so very dry
For these last few hot days;
You haven't quench'd my thirst at all
For learning, with your lays.

THE DEVIL AND THE ORGAN.

From the German of M. Meisner.

N old proverb says: "Whenever the dear God builds a church, the Devil builds a chapel close by," and it must be true, indeed. When Saint Cecilia invented the organ there was great rejoicing in heaven and on earth; only the Devil was enraged at it, and resolved to revenge himself.

Therefore he went to an organ-builder and said: "Good man, you can earn much if you will follow my advice. Only one organ is needed in each church, and so you will not have work long. You must make the instrument much smaller, so that a half dozen can be placed comfortably in any house. It must not sound so solemn as the organ which is heard in church on Sunday, and, above all, any one must be able to play it easily." The organ-builder promised to do everything according to the Devil's wish, and the latter went away satisfied. Some weeks later he came again to see the instrument which the organ-builder had made. He threw open the cover, looked at the keys, and began to play. It did not sound so beautiful and solemn as in the church, but yet the tone rang out quite round and full. Just at this time many persons were going by on the way to church, but they remained standing below the window, listening to the music and neglecting the service of God. The organ in the church sounded just as loud and beautiful as before, but few heard it because of the new music which the Devil made. When he ceased at last, everybody wished to have one of the new instruments, and the organ-builder promised them. In a year, more than a thousand were already finished, for the master took many assistants into his service, and the instruments became the fashion in other places also.

When the Devil goes through the streets to-day, he continually rubs his hands with pleasure, for his plan has succeeded so well. In every house his instrument rings and jingles, and he can sometimes

hear twenty or thirty of them at one time. Even the little child now strikes the keys with his fists, and some players are said to have tortured themselves and their hearers to death already. But, in spite of this, men find it more beautiful to make music themselves than to listen to the organ. If Saint Cecilia had known that the Devil, in rage over the organ, would invent the piano, perhaps she would have had pity on poor humanity, and have thrown the organ pipes into the fire.

S. P. C.

ADIEUX DES SENIORS.

(Adapted from Beranger's Adieux De Marie Stuart).

Adieu, charmants jours d'école,
Que nous tous tant aimons,
Avec mainte erreur si drôle,
Adieu! en vous quittant, nous pleurons.

L'esprit, la gloire, le génie,
Ont inspiré notre belle classe,
Elle était de toutes la plus chérie
Toutes sans exception elle surpasse,
Avec elle toute gloire quitte l'école,
Helas! il faut que l'école déplore,
En nous rayant de son contrôle,
Car une telle classe ne sera jamais encore.

Nous partons, mais nous n'oublierons jamais
Nos temps des études ensemble,
Nos amusements, si heureux, si gais.
Après la dernière fois que la classe assemble,
Nous nous séparons, mais soit pour des ans,
Soit, bien, pour jamais, avec aise,
Nous jeterons un regard rétrospectif dans,
La classe de quatre-vingt-seize.

VERGILIAN ECHOES.

How dear to my heart are those pages of Vergil,
As fondly I scan them once more in review;
What moments of torture, of nonsense, of pleasure,
Recur to my mind at a quarter past two.
Those pictures of peril, of romance, of history,
How wildly they rouse both my sorrow and joy,
Of ships turned to maidens,—oh, "horrible monster,"
But chiefly Aeneas who skipped out from Troy.

CHORUS.

The Trojan Aeneas, the ill-starred Aeneas,
The "Pious Aeneas" who skipped out from Troy.
Of Latium, Latinus, the poor "E-u-Andrus,"
The fair young Laviny, (most bewitching lass),
Laviny, who scorned all her poor Latian suitors,
And favored young Turnus, the youth with much brass.
The rumpus that Turnus kicked up with Aeneas
On account of the girl (and the dower) he prized,
While Aeneas walked off to converse with Evander,
The brave old Aeneas that Juno despised.

CHORUS.

The aged Aeneas, the war-like Aeneas,
The "Pious Aeneas" whom Juno despised.
Of the two little boys who so boldly did venture,
In secret the enemy's camp to invade;
Of the dozens of warriors laid low by their biceps,
And the fall of those boys in the midst of their raid.
Of the little Iulus who aimed his first arrow
At the enemy's cranium with deadly result,
The little Iulus, the son of Aeneas,
The haughty Aeneas, whom none dared insult.

CHORUS.

The noble Aeneas, the loving Aeneas,
The haughty Aeneas, whom none dared insult.

Of the terrible Turnus shut up in the tower,
With Trojans on whom he might make his own choice,
He fell upon Pandarus, despatched to Orcus,
Then called for the "next" at the top of his voice.
But finding himself all surrounded with weapons,
He gave a great leap and jumped into the sea;
His allies received him with tender embraces,
But "Pious Aeneas," oh pray, where was he?

CHORUS.

The Trojan Aeneas, the ill-starred Aeneas,
The "Pious Aeneas," oh pray, where was he?





EDITORIALS.

IT is to be regretted that in an institution in which there is so much talent and literary ability as exist in our school, there are proportionally so small a number of students who will volunteer or consent to write anything for a High School paper. The request for a literary contribution almost invariably receives one of two answers, "I haven't time," or "I can't." We all appreciate the plausibility of the former statement, recognizing the scarcity of the luxury, leisure, still it seems as if a short period might be profitably spared for such work. The second answer shows a common characteristic of many of the pupils, under-estimation of ability. We are speaking more especially of the upper-classmen; the Seniors, who, by their position, generally wish to do themselves credit in every way; the Juniors, who proverbially are capable of anything and everything. The Sophomores and Freshmen in turn will be called upon in the near future, for, as Mr. Lowell says, "If Youth be a defect, it is one that we outgrow only too soon." There is a great degree of good-will and fellowship among the students, but not very much school spirit. A High School Annual is published to foster this spirit. It is a good thing. Therefore, in the language of the streets, "push it along."

* * * *

WHEN the matter of issuing an Annual for '96 was considered, it was decided to eclipse our efforts of last year and publish a better and more expensive book. In order to do this, it was necessary to increase our list of advertisers and also our paid circulation. Special attention was paid to this, to give our advertisers the worth of the money invested. We have greatly increased our circulation by subscription, and have endeavored to make the advertisements as attractive as possible. As a result, we have on our list the largest firms representing the different kinds of business, in the city. We trust that you, our friends, will look them up and give them the patronage they deserve.

The Adelpfic acknowledges the assistance which the Faculty have so kindly rendered. Their hints and suggestions have proved very useful. To Miss Cobb and Mr. Hartwell we are especially indebted for contributions. *The Adelpfic* sincerely regrets, however, that no likeness of the Faculty adorns its pages.

* * * *

The Adelpfic contains a grind department. They have been selected with great care so as not to be personal. Perhaps some will think their "roast" a little hard, but we assure you that we have culled out the worst ones, and those left are only meant for grinds.





ORGANIZATIONS

WM. J. SLATER

SENIOR CLASS,

1896.

Class Color.—*Corn Color and Olive.*

Motto.—*This above all, to thine own self be true.*

Class Officers:

President, STEPHEN P. COBB.
 Vice-President, JOANNA LONGLEY.
 Secretary, MINNIE M. LEVY.
 Treasurer, J. HACKLEY SKINNER.

NAME.						COURSE.
Bessie Axtell,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Edith Axtell,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Albert R. Bailey,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
George Edwin Bigelow,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Ida L. Bixby,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Walter denBleyker,	-	-	-	-	-	Modern Language.
Margaret Jenness Boyden,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Bertha Louise Bristol,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-German.
George Thomas Britton,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Miriam Jessie Brundage,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-French.
Winifred Buck,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Stephen Prentis Cobb,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin and English.
Nina May Dasher,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Anna Dispenette,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Frank C. Diver,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-German.
Carrie Luella Dix,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Margaret K. Edwards,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-French.

NAME.						COURSE.
John L. Engel,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Nellie E. Fox,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Agnes Loretta Grant,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-German.
Charles Cloud Hall,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-French.
William David Harris,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Laura Emma Hoffman,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Angus B. Inkster,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Joseph Edward Kilgore,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Elizabeth Mary Knight,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Minnie Mae Levy,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Frederick H. Lindsley,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Joanna Longley,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Susie McClean,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Clara Marie Morgan,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Laura Nicholson,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
John C. Paltridge,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Clara Ploetz,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Beatrice Pomeroy,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-French.
Mary E. Rounds,	-	-	-	-	-	Modern Language.
Walter S. Rounds,	-	-	-	-	-	Classical.
Ida B. Simmons,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
J. Hackley Skinner,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Leah L. Stern,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Alice M. Sykes,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Mary Christine Thackeray,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-French.
George Nathaniel Watson,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Georgiana Marker Waud,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
George V. Weimer,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin.
Lhea C. West,	-	-	-	-	-	English.
Eva Elsie White,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-French.
D. Eldred Wood,	-	-	-	-	-	Latin-German.
Agnes Serena Wynn,	-	-	-	-	-	English.

CLASS POEM.

In Oriental realms, from every clime,
Slow journeying on towards Mecca's holy shrine,
Devoted bands of pilgrims oft are seen.
One aim, one purpose fills the minds of each,
As on they press,—it is that they may reach
The city Mecca; naught can intervene.
It matters not though obstacles restrain,
The end in view their courage doth sustain,
And fires their hearts with energy and zeal.
And as they see the city drawing near,
Forgotten is the past, so lone and drear,
While deepest satisfaction all do feel.

And thus have we slow journeyed on our way,
O'er Learning's rugged paths, day after day,
Intent the shrine of knowledge to attain.
This is the goal we earnestly have sought,
Despising all the toil the journey brought,
Looking but toward the height we wished to gain.
And when each day we saw that we had gained
A little towards the end for which we aimed,
A sense of satisfaction filled the heart of each;
We were repaid; and with our minds renewed,
With courage stronger, we our way pursued,
Firmly resolved to greater heights to reach.

Four years together we have journeyed on,
Four happy years,—how quickly they have gone!
E'en now the time has come when we must part.
And as a boy about to leave his home,
In distant regions of the world to roam,
Looks fondly back on scenes dear to his heart,

And stores of memories sweetest to his mind,
So let us now, ere parting, look behind;
And glance, a moment, at the work we've done.
With hopeful hearts our places first we took
Within the ninth grade room, where we forsook,
Too oft, our lessons in our love of fun.
'Twas then that Latin verbs opposed our way,
Against which we did struggle night and day,
In brave attempts to fix them in our minds.
But when we thought that we had bound them well,
Vacation came. The shackles from them fell;
They stole away and left no trace behind.
We ventured into Nature's wondrous art,
Dissected flowers, studied close each part,
And tried their scientific names to learn.
We went with Cæsar through his wars severe;
Attempted Algebra, and now no tear
Is dropped that it is past. And as we turn
Our eyes upon the Junior year, we see
That arduous Physics, to no small degree,
Our time did take. That year we heard in Rome,
Bold Cicero invectives hurl, but still
His words, howe'er so good, produced no thrill
Within our frames, as they did then in Rome.
Over the present year we'll not delay;
We know it far too well. But let us say
A word about the faculty, whose aid,
Kindly and true, has helped us on our way,
And, too, resolve, as we go forth, to stay
True to their teachings, rare and priceless made.
Now, as the time of separation nears,
We look a moment back upon those years,
A two-fold feeling rises in each heart.
A feeling of regret, but not as great
As is our joy, when, glad, we contemplate
The higher paths in which we soon shall start.

Before Columbus, as the deep he viewed,
There lay a country, unexplored and rude,

Indeed, but which, ere many centuries passed,
Would influence and, to a large degree,
Would mould affairs of all the world; and free

Would stand, by other nations unsurpassed.
Thus, too, beyond the realms of Learning trod
By mortal men, in image like to God,

There lie great worlds as yet explored by none.
But yet, ere many years have passed away,
The knowledge therein found may move and sway

The minds of men, as ne'er the past has done.
Base Ignorance would fain these worlds conceal,
Would fill us with conceit to make us feel

That we have learned enough and need no more.
The end she seeks she will be sure to gain,
If man no effort makes, whereby he may attain

To greater heights and farther realms explore.
But each day, as it nears its close, should find
Greater achievements than the one behind.

Attainments by our fathers gained should be
To us as stepping stones, by which we rise
To greater heights. Then let us turn our eyes

Ahead for knowledge higher in degree.
Victorious Alexander, called the Great,
Conquered the then known world, each tribe and state,

And longed for other worlds to overthrow.
But to weak mortals ne'er has come the hour
When they have had ability and power

To gain all knowledge that there is to know,
Dear Nature never has disclosed to man
A tithe of all her secrets. These we can

Pry into and their mysteries explore.
In Science some accomplishment is gained
With every passing day, before attained

By none, Thus oft is opened wide the door

To fields of knowledge, which no limit know.
In all things it is thus. Where'er we go,
Whatever course of life we undertake,
There's more beyond. Then let us strive to find
Something of value to be left behind
When we shall leave this world. Then we shall make
Our lives a blessing for the future's sake.

WALTER S. ROUNDS.



HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

IT is with a strange sensation of mingled pleasure and regret that we, as Seniors about to graduate, take a retrospective view of our High School career. We have spent a large portion of the last four years "incendens the mid-night oil" over our books, and we realize, with a feeling akin to relief, that the end of this close application is drawing near. But, even as late as our Senior year we have formed friendships with many who will remain here after we have gone, and by constant though distant association we have become attached to some of those in grades below us. When we shall have graduated, many of these associations will pass out of our lives, and we shall feel, with the poet Stoddard, that

"Something beautiful is vanished
And can never come again."

Perhaps our Freshmen days had better not be subjected to too close a scrutiny. The injunction, "Let joy be unconfined," seemed to find universal favor as a class motto. As we were at that time enjoying the distinction, peculiar to Freshmen, of being the largest class in school, the result of this sentiment must have been very trying to those who were so unfortunate as to be our instructors at that early period. We rejoiced to carry red-margined books upon the streets, because they served as an indication of the fact that we were supposed to study Latin. Early in our study of Botany, we incidentally acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of plant life, and, at the same time, we learned, by careful and repeated experiment, that even a slow-witted student can move very suddenly when he has received an unexpected application of a good sharp botany needle. Later on we discovered that a stroll to the woods after flowers for analyzation contains far more of the real fundamental elements of enjoyment than does the same time spent in study. In fact, I fear that in those days most of us were more desirous of pleasure than improvement. But, as

in all Freshman classes, there were some who early realized the importance of lower grade studies, and their faithful and earnest work is the only redeeming feature of our first year's record.

Our Sophomore year brought a slight increase of dignity. There was also a marked improvement in the preparation of our lessons, because our algebraical knowledge enabled us to comprehend more fully the significance of the symbol zero when placed in a teacher's class-book to represent an unknown quantity. Our Latins overcame Cæsar in a manner that would have astonished that worthy could he but have been an ear-witness of it. The members of all courses found most of the books given on the General History reference lists to be most delightful reading. But our speaking in English classes that year must have been somewhat dry, because many of us had learned, while in the 9th grade that it would not do to select too funny pieces for declamation. Such a selection generally resulted in having to speak a second time. As each successive step in a flight of stairs is higher than the one before it, though when viewed from a distance the difference is scarcely discernible, so our Tenth Grade year must have marked a stage of improvement over the one before it, though a casual observer would have had some difficulty in detecting it.

But our Junior year wrought a marvelous change. Our kind Preceptress varied the monotony of Rhetoric and English recitations by short admonitory remarks to the effect that the same behavior which was expected of us, as a matter of course, when we were Freshmen, would be positively shocking now that we were Juniors. No one can deny that we profited well by these remarks, and, at the same time, absorbed a thorough knowledge of Rhetoric, which added to our enjoyment of English Literature during the second semester. Our Latin students made a thorough study of Cicero's famous orations, and mentally determined that they would profit by them when Junior speaking came. But when the fateful day had arrived, as each speaker stepped upon the platform, all thoughts of graceful oratory departed. Every muscle was contracted lest it should be seen to tremble, and if the audience failed to notice any of the numerous quavers of his voice, the speaker considered himself fortu-

nate indeed. It was in this year, too, that the intricate mysteries of Natural Philosophy were made plain to us through the untiring efforts of our worthy instructor.

That last summer vacation proved all too short a time in which to become accustomed to the idea that we would soon be Seniors. We had made a good record during that first epoch of upper-class life, the Junior year, and were justly proud of it, but the Senior year was an altogether different matter, and we were troubled by some misgivings as to its effects upon us. When the vacation came to an end, which is a failing peculiar to all good things, we appeared at school with almost compact ranks, the largest Senior class, in fact, which the school has ever had.

We now moved from the assembly room to the Senior room, where we appreciated every favor granted us, from that of being told that we could do just as we pleased, so long as we did not please to do anything out of order, to having a special hat-rack in the hall for the use of the boys. In this latter feature we were somewhat annoyed by the efforts of some, who were not Seniors, to demonstrate their right to hang their hats where they pleased. But we considered where the indignity came from, and endured it in the manner that Seniors should.

The solitude and retirement of the Senior room were most conducive to our gravity of demeanor. This is shown by an incident which took place in the Geometry room. A messenger boy came in looking for some one for whom he had a telegram, and seeing a grave and dignified Senior in spectacles, explaining a difficult mathematical problem upon the front board, straightway mistook him for a professor, and accosted him to know "if Mr. B—— was in that class." The young man sternly replied that he was not, and the boy retired in confusion, while the *bona fide* teacher remained undiscovered in the rear part of the room.

Geometry, by the way, has always been something of a puzzle to us. At one time it was rumored that several Seniors were injuring their digestion by masticating pointer ends for the purpose of stimulating their memories. I cannot say how true these reports were, but I can vouch for the correctness of the statement that a stalwart Senior once actually broke a pointer in his efforts of demonstration, though it is

not known whether the fracture was due to the application of mental power or physical strength.

During the early part of the year we prepared careful dissertations (ycleped Senior Orations by the world at large) upon matters of public interest and great national questions, and expounded them to critical and interested (?) audiences of lower-grade students. Had they known how much time and effort those treatises cost us, perhaps they would have been more attentive, and had they realized that there was only an intervening interim of one or two short years before they themselves would have to speak from that same stage, their criticisms might not have been so closely made.

At last the time is close at hand when we shall leave the school which four pleasant years of almost constant association have rendered dear to us, and the kindly interest and careful guidance of our instructors. To them is due our grateful appreciation of their untiring efforts in our behalf. Every member of the class of '96 who accomplishes anything of importance in after life, will owe a part of his success to the benefits of their instruction.

But the joyful expectations of Commencement are saddened by a feeling of regret that some of those who have shared our lot throughout the High School course will not graduate with us. To those who fail on account of circumstances over which they have no control, we extend our most sincere sympathy, and console them with the reminder that the four years of the High School are as but a single lap in the long race course of life, and those who lead at the beginning are not always first at the end. May the failure of those who remain here because of imperfect work in the lower grades be a warning example to the lower grade students of the present.

There are only a few more days of school life remaining before we as a class must separate, and sever the bonds of class feeling which have gradually grown up as we progressed through the school. What will be the future of each one of us? Only the All-foreseeing Omnipotence can tell. But it lies largely with each one of us whether or not we attain the highest end and aim of existence. As J. G. Holland has said:

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

EDWARD KILGORE.



JUNIOR CLASS,

1896.

Officers:

President, KIRBY UPJOHN.

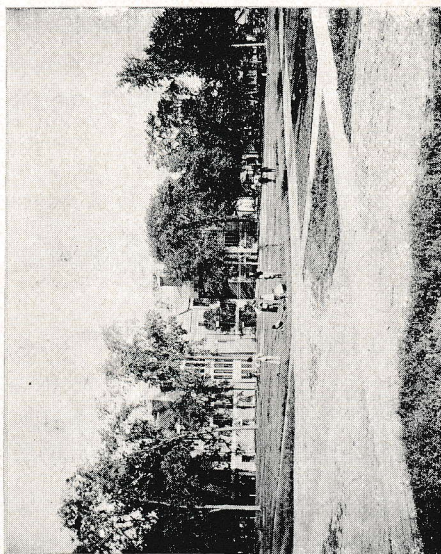
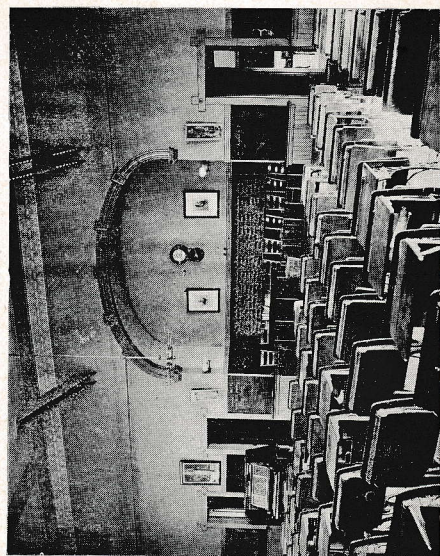
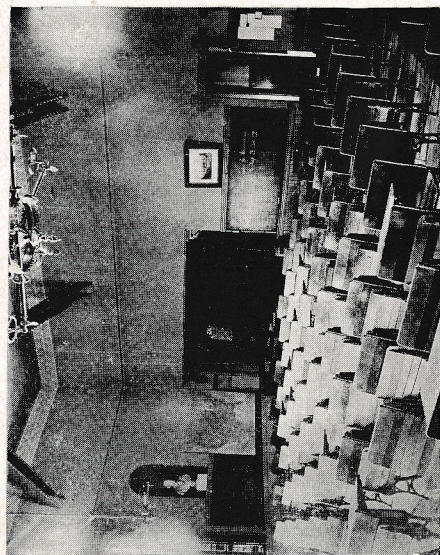
Vice-President, JULIA McDONALD.

Paul L. Barrett,	Carrie Edwards,	Henry J. Mersen,
Maude Baughman,	Glenn R. Faling,	S. Lee Pierce,
Charles Beardsley,	Lulu Faling,	Winifred G. Robe,
Delos F. Bixby,	H. Grace Gage,	Ethel Rockwell,
Ella M. Britton,	Nina F. Glover,	Georgia Ryder,
Ralph J. Cassell,	Bessie Goodrich,	Edgar M. Sergeant,
George W. Clark,	Harriett Green,	Edna L. Skinner,
Mary Cobb,	Grace E. Johnston,	Albert Stephens,
Margaret A. D'Arcus,	Arthur P. Kellogg,	W. Kirby Upjohn,
Pauline M. Davis,	Paul U. Kellogg,	Myrtle Walker,
Eric DeLamarter,	Sidney R. Ketchum,	Robert T. Walton,
Edith denBleyker,	Lewis A. Kirby,	Bernice Waring,
Mary denBleyker,	Julia McDonald,	Zaida Wilkinson.
Will. J. DeVisser,	Walter Meade,	

TRAINING CLASS, 1896.

Edna Julia Baldwin,	-	-	-	-
Mary Elizabeth Bell,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1887
Glenadine Calkins,	-	-		Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Mabel Irene Edwards,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Winifred Rowena Fox,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Alice Marion Hall,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Ellen Maud Howes,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Lilian Belle Howland,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1894
Minnie Lenz,	-	-		Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Jennie Belle McBain,	-	-	-	-
Bessie Maude Phillips,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Fannie May Ryder,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Mary Johnina Steels,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895
Cora Pauline Welsh,	-			Kalamazoo High School; class of 1893
Ella Louise White,	-	-		Kalamazoo High School; class of 1895







Dreka Phila.



Walter den Bleyker, '96.
 Stephen P. Cobb, '96.
 Frank C. Diver, '96.
 John L. Engel, '96.
 Charles C. Hall, '96.
 William D. Harris, '96.
 Angus B. Inkster, '96.

J. Hackley Skinner, '96.
 Paul L. Barrett, '97.
 Charles Beardsley, '97.
 Will. J. DeVisser, '97.
 W. Kirby Upjohn, '97.
 Alfred Curtenius, '98.
 Robert K. Knight, '98.

MU DELTA SIGMA.

BETA CHAPTER.

IN the "Annual" of 1895 appeared a short sketch of this fraternity, and an account of the formation of this chapter in 1894. "At first," to quote from that account, "the one idea of many of the fellows seemed to be to vote in some new members, and seek for revenge in 'putting them through,' but the newness of the fraternity soon passed away, and the boys settled down to business in the new lines." I wish to call attention, for a moment, to these "new lines" of work, which this chapter has pursued during the last year and a half.

The energies of the fraternity in the Kalamazoo High School have been turned toward two things, athletics and the publication of the "Annual," and we hope we have been successful in each. Looking at the field and track records, we see that, out of seventeen events, members of the fraternity hold the records for eleven. Each member is urged to his best work in order to improve, if possible, the athletic standing of the school compared with that of other high schools in the state. In the same way, the members are expected to try for places on the different teams, in order to make sure of bringing out all available material. The fraternity has worked for the best interests of the Athletic Association, and has striven to raise the standard of athletics in the High School.

Little can be said in regard to the work on the "Annual." Though the fraternity assumes the responsibility of publication, the book is wholly a school matter. The Mu Delta Sigma, as a body, is interested only so far as to protect itself from loss. But the individual members of the fraternity are interested in the success of the book as a school matter, and, as members of the school, do all that is possible to insure that success. The book was received very kindly in 1895, and it is to be hoped that it will be so welcomed this year.

The fraternity aims to do what seems to be for the best interests of the school in every case, and each member is bound to use his best

efforts to keep up the record in scholarship. It is the aim of the fraternity to promote a feeling of friendship and good will among the members by bringing them together as could not be done without some such organization.

As yet this chapter is young, and doubtless other lines of work will be taken up hereafter. As the members leave the High School year by year, I believe that it will be with the feeling of having received some good from being a member of Beta Chapter, Mu Delta Sigma.

S. P. C., '96.



K I Γ

ORGANIZED 1896.

Colors.—Purple and Silver.

I. M.—WALTER S. ROUNDS.

D. M.—G. EDWIN BIGELOW.

A. M.—J. EDWARD KILGORE.

L. D.—JOEL W. RUSSELL.

C. T. D. { LEE T. BARKENBUS.
EARL R. DIR.

Albert R. Bailey, '96.

G. Edwin Bigelow, '96.

J. Edward Kilgore, '96.

Walter S. Rounds, '96.

Delos F. Bixby, '97.

Ralph J. Cassell, '97.

Eric DeLamarter, '97.

Arthur P. Kellogg, '97.

Paul U. Kellogg, '97.

Walter S. Meade, '97.

Royden A. K. Rothermel, '97.

Albert L. Stephens, '97.

Robert Walton, '97.

Lee T. Barkenbus, '98.

Earl R. Dir, '98.

Joel W. Russell, '98.

Frank R. Snow, '98.

Hubert S. Upjohn, '99.



IT SOROSIS

MARGENNIS

Colors.—Light Blue and Gold.

Officers.

President, BELLE DUNHAM.

Vice-President, NELLIE E. FOX.

Secretary, MARY THACKERAY.

Treasurer, BERTHA BRISTOL.

Madge J. Boyden,
Bertha L. Bristol,
Miriam J. Brundage,
Carrie L. Dix,
Belle Dunham,
Margaret K. Edwards,

Nellie E. Fox,
Minnie M. Levy,
Clara M. Morgan,
Beatrice Pomeroy,
Leah L. Stern,
Mary Thackeray.

FORMER STUDENTS.

Belle C. Packard,

Alice M. Sheldon.

GAMMA UPSILON.

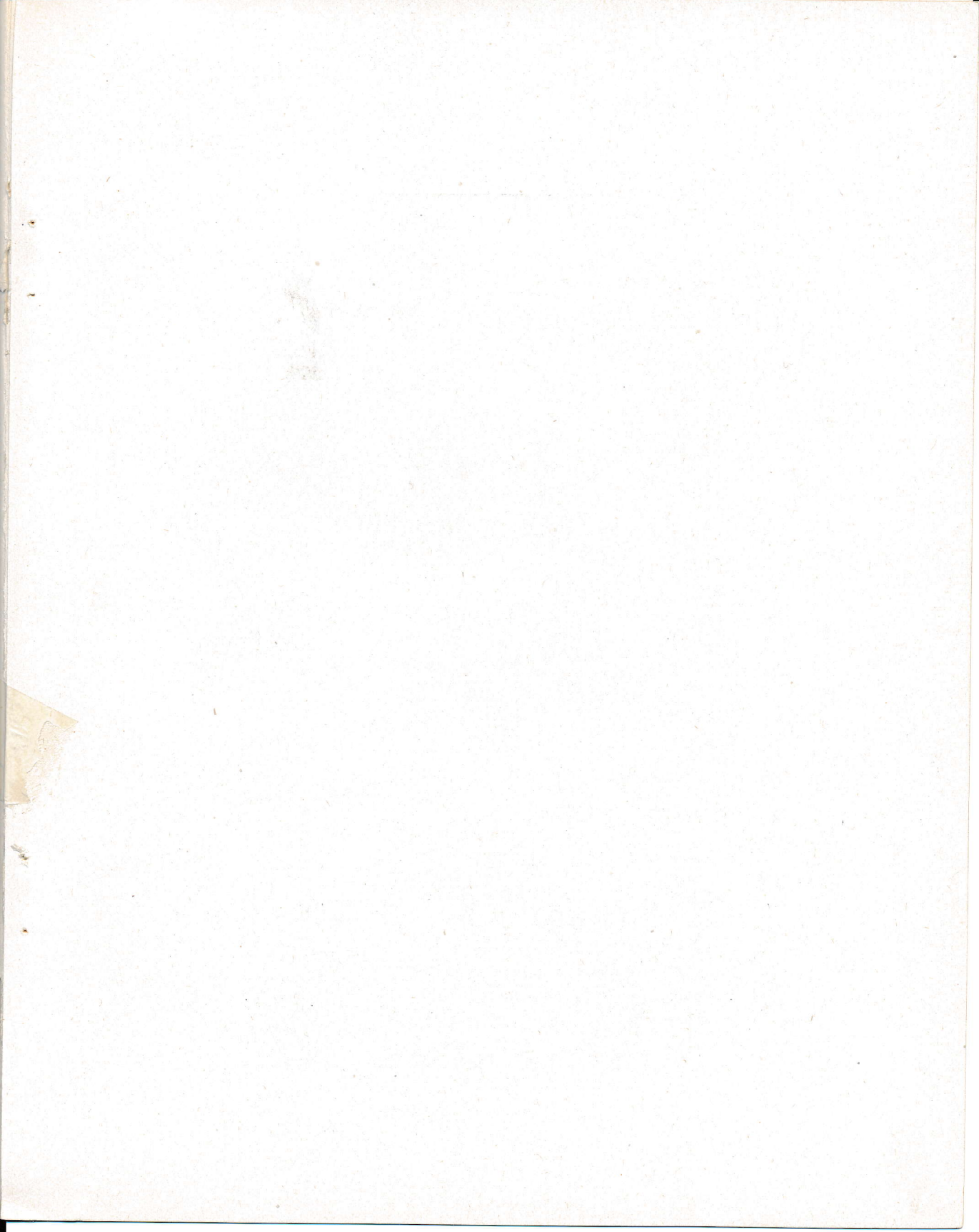
In Kalamazoo, not very long ago,
Some maidens, sober and sedate, whom you all know,
Debated long and earnestly about
A question which, to worthier minds, no doubt,
Would seem a trifle, but to us—ah me!
It was of vast importance; for, you see,
We wished to form a club of some renown,
Of fifteen High School members of the town.

Of course its name we must at once decide,
And ever after by that name abide;
But many were the trials that we had,
In fact some members were extremely sad.
At last, O happy thought! it was decreed,
And, strange to say, we nearly all agreed
That Gamma Upsilon should be the name—
The name which now has brought us so much fame.

Then followed business, parliamentary rules,
Such subjects as we had not found in schools,
And officers were chosen, who, they say,
Were versed in all the topics of the day.
Then sleigh rides, suppers, and all sorts of fun
Followed, before the happy year was done,
And when the spring advanced, with skies of blue,
We knew 'twas time for picnics at Lake View.

The day of Graduation is at hand!
And many in our happy little band
Will share the coming joys and pleasures Fate
Has not bestowed on all; yet glad are we
That when our friends, from school and study free,
Are far away, then mem'ries oft will dwell
On school, our Club, and all who love them well.

B. P.





FOOT BALL TEAM, 1895.

WILLIAM J. M. SLATER, Left End.

WALTER DENBLEYKER, Left Tackle.

CHARLES C. BEARDSLEY, Left Guard.

LEE T. BARKENBUS, Center.

GLENN R. FALING, Right Guard.

JOHN L. ENGEL, Right Tackle.

ANGUS B. INKSTER, Right Tackle.

BERT SHUTTS, Right End.

ROY L. SERGEANT, Quarter Back.

FRANK C. DIVER, Left Half Back.

PAUL L. BARRETT, Right Half Back.

CHARLES C. HALL, Full Back and Captain.

SUBSTITUTES.

George T. Britton,
Max Lenz,

George T. Lay,
Joseph E. Kilgore,

Edgar M. Sergeant,
Dorr E. Wood.

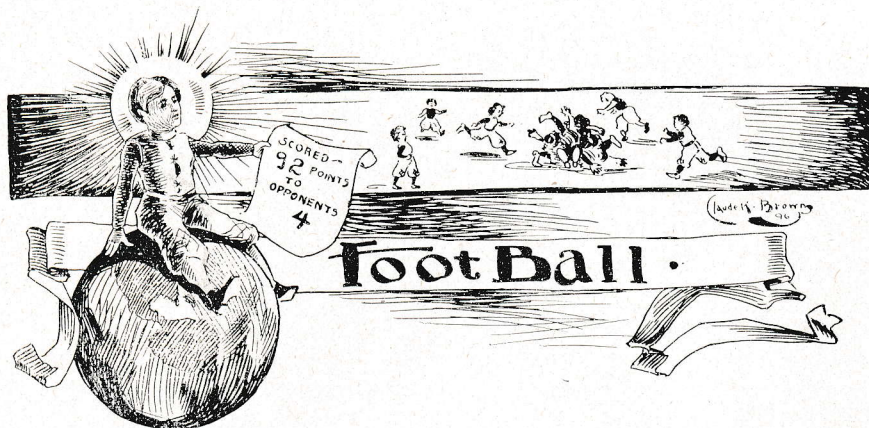
SCORES.

October 19. High School vs. Jackson, 36-0.

November 2. High School vs. Grand Rapids, 24-0.

November 16. High School vs. Grand Rapids, 24-4.

November 28. High School vs. Ann Arbor, 8-0.



OUR FOOT BALL TEAM.

STUDENT life is not all study. Of course the greater part of every student's time ought to be devoted to the work of the school-room, but in this advanced age people recognize the necessity, during the years of youth, of cultivating a sound body as well as a sound mind. As a result of this recognition, school athletics receive far more attention now than formerly, and there are few institutions of learning at the present time which are not represented in the different branches of out door sports by chosen teams of well trained athletes. In fact, schools are beginning to become known to the public almost as much by their athletic prominence as by their literary merit.

Foot-ball has always been considered distinctively a students' game. If a school can only outdo a rival on the foot-ball field, it matters not that the rival has the better track athletic and base-ball teams. The athletic supremacy of a school depends more upon its foot ball ability than upon all other sports combined.

And surely we may be justly proud of our achievements in this line. The game has been played at our school for three seasons, and never yet has our eleven been fairly beaten by another high school team. Out of ten match games played we have won six victories. The other four were tie games. Three of these were with the teams of Grand Rapids, Niles and Battle Creek High Schools respectively,

The Niles team wisely declined to try conclusions with us a second time. But the Battle Creek eleven came here early in the season of '95, and was defeated by a score of twenty-four to six. The Grand Rapids team has three times tasted the bitterness of defeat at the hands of our players.

Last Thanksgiving Day our team defeated the Ann Arbor High School eleven by a score of eight to nothing, thereby fairly earning the State Championship. To be sure, the Detroit High School team had defeated Ann Arbor shortly before, but only by one touch down made from the center of the field "on a fluke," while the Thanksgiving game was won for us by two hard-earned touch-downs, made through superior muscle and team-play. The Detroit students protested our right to the championship. Our team was not only willing, but eager, to settle the dispute on the gridiron, but, owing to the lateness of the season, a deciding game could not be played. On this and the per cent. of points we base our claims to the State High School Championship.

To what does our school owe its success in this grand American game? When it was introduced among our students, they soon became interested in it and gave it their hearty encouragement and support. There was plenty of well-trained muscle to select from, plenty of foot-ball strength. But a commander's ability was needed to direct this power and bring it to its highest point of perfection. Fortunately there was a student in the school who had the qualities necessary for the successful management and control of a foot ball team. It is largely due to the able leadership of Charles Hall that our elevens have been so successful.

But the experienced captain, and several experienced players, will graduate this year. As a result, there will be many positions in next year's team which will have to be filled by new men. This will be the most serious difficulty which William Slater, who has been elected as captain for the coming season, will have to overcome in making next year's eleven a winning one. There is no doubt that Captain Slater will do his duty thoroughly, but he must have the hearty co-operation and support of his fellow students, in order to preserve the school's present athletic standing. If every boy, of any athletic ability whatever, will "get out and practice," the vacant positions will be satisfactorily filled, and next season's team will be worthy of its predecessor.

E. KILGORE.

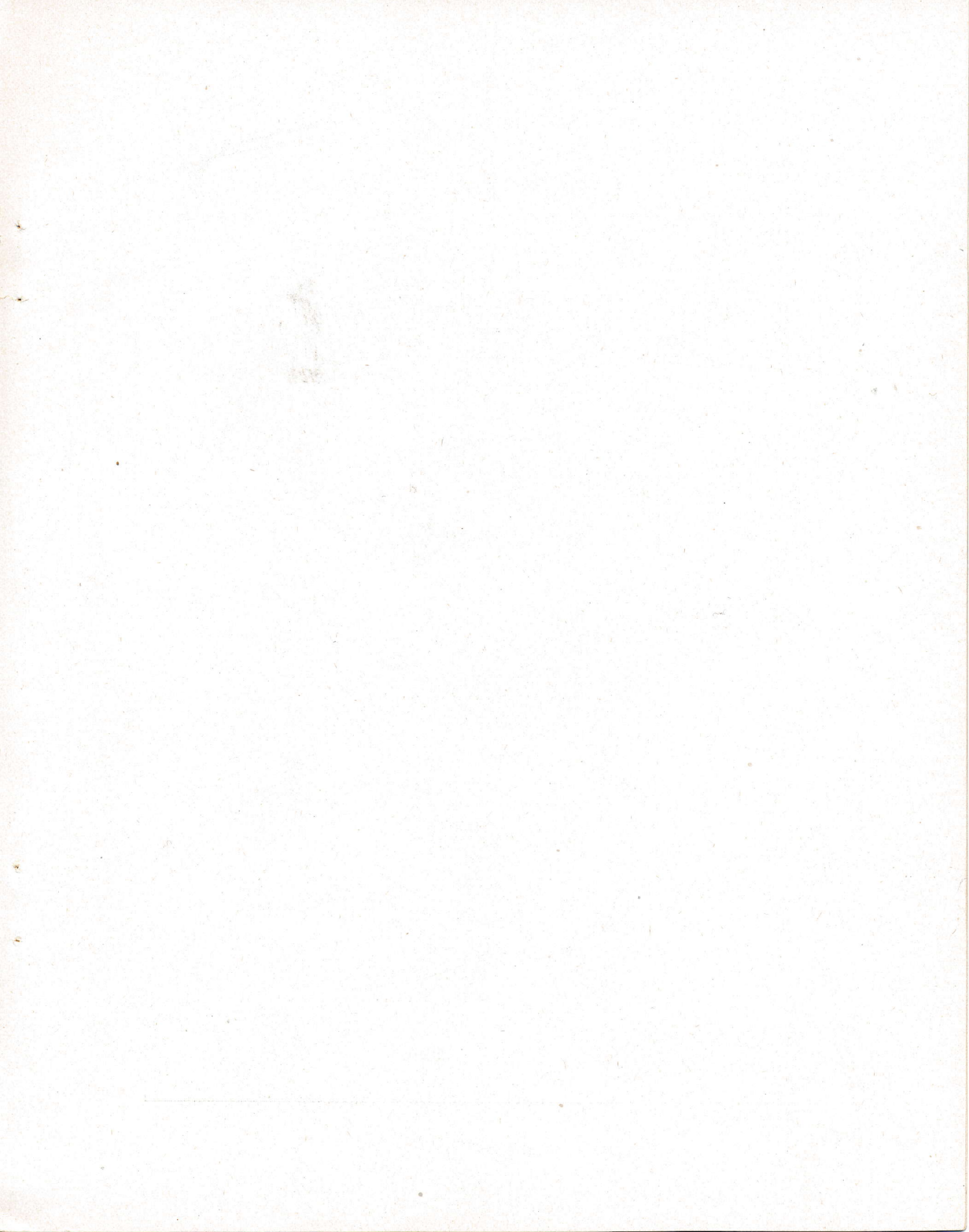
HIGH SCHOOL YELL.

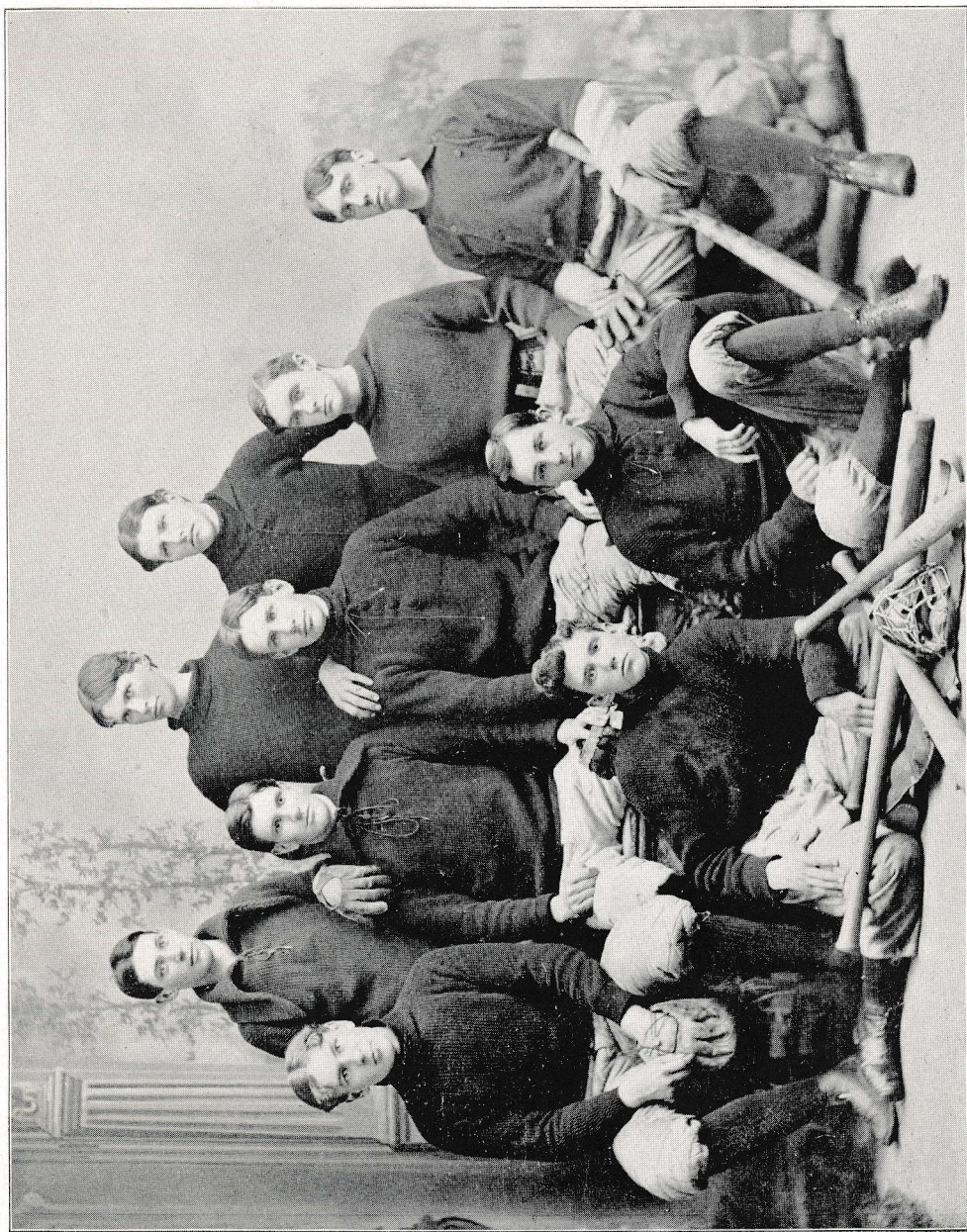
Kazoo, Rah! Rah!

Kazoo, Rah! Rah!

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,

Rah! Rah! Rah!







BASE BALL TEAM, 1895.

CHARLES FISCHER, Catcher.

EDGAR SERGEANT, Pitcher and Catcher.

DORR E. WOOD, Pitcher and Right Field.

CHARLES C. HALL, First Base.

WALTER DENBLEYKER, Second Base and Captain.

HENRY MERSEN, Third Base.

W. KIRBY UPJOHN, Short Stop

CLIFFORD CARSON, Center Field.

FREDERICK H. LINDSLEY, Left Field.

JOHN L. ENGEL, Substitute.

HUBERT S. UPJOHN, Substitute.

GAMES.

High School vs. College, 11-13.

High School vs. College, 4-2.

High School vs. College, 3-8.

High School vs. College, 5-12.

High School Reserves vs. College Reserves, 5-3.

High School vs. College, 2-0.

High School vs. College, 5-6.



TRACK TEAM.

CHARLES BEARDSLEY, Manager.

RALPH J. CASSELL, Captain.

Charles C. Hall,

Stephen P. Cobb,

Paul L. Barrett,

Angus Inkster,

Lee T. Barkenbus,

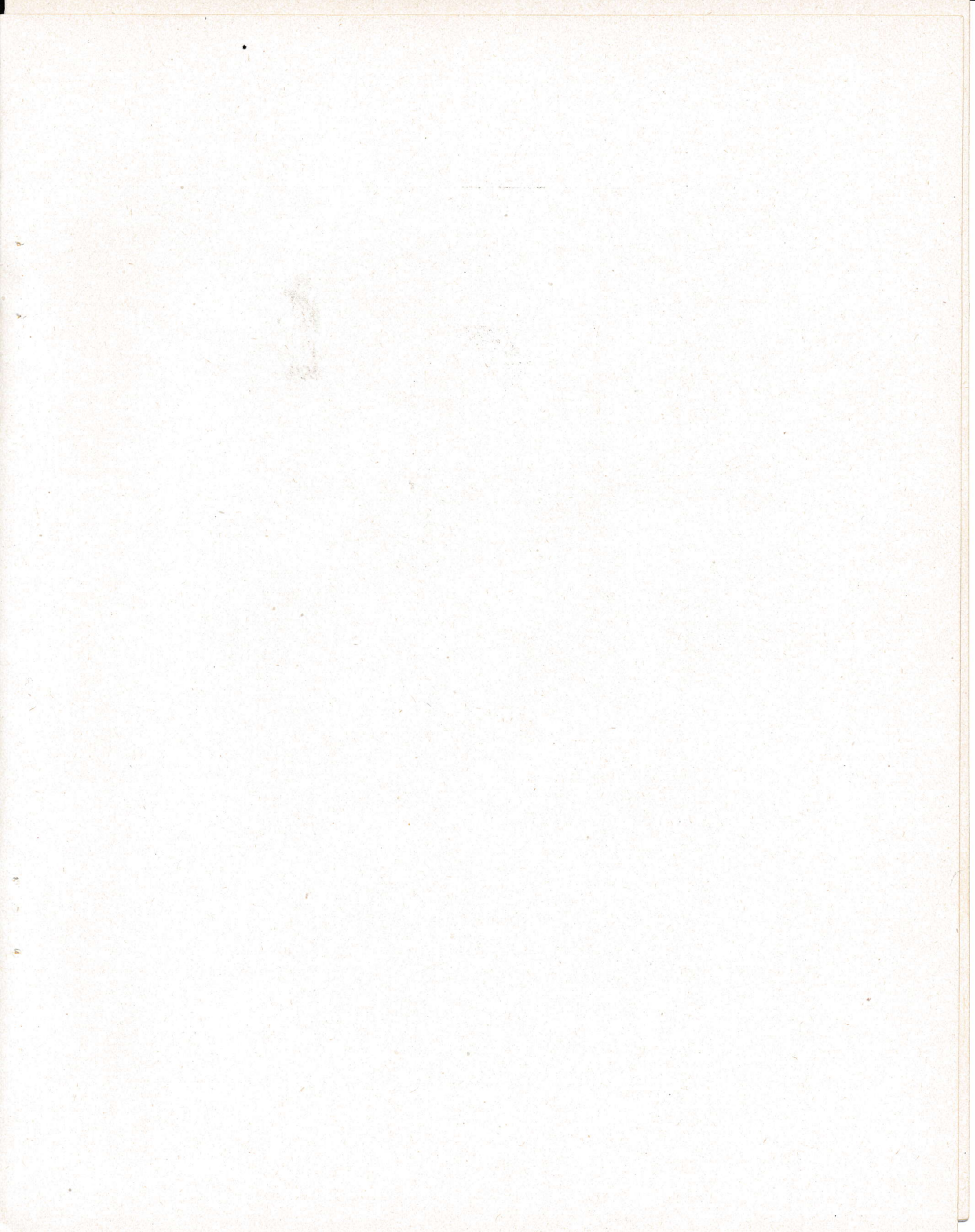
Glenn Wheaton,

Carl Upjohn,

H. Edmands,


F. Snyder,

Clifford Carson.





TRACK ATHLETICS.

MONG Anglo-Saxon out-door games few are more attractive and beneficial than track athletics. These games differ from foot-ball and base-ball in that the success of a team is due more to individual excellence and effort than to systematic team play. It must not be thought, however, that to excel as an athlete of the cinder path does not require head-work. In no other games is there greater necessity for good form and educated muscles, and these requirements can result only from systematic training.

Excellent as these sports are, and fitted as the High School is to carry them on, it was not until June of last year that our first annual field-day was held. At that time great interest was shown, not only by the athletes of the school, but also by many who made no athletic pretensions—as was seen in their liberal donation for prizes. For several weeks preceding the appointed day the necessary training went on. The day came at last, an ideal one for a field-day. A large crowd was present, the events were carried through promptly, and the affair was undoubtedly a success. Some very good records were made, particularly in the hammer throw and half-mile run. The success of this, our first field-day, was due, in a great measure, to Frank Diver, captain of the High School track team. It was very unfortunate that he was sick on the field-day and unable to go into his events. At the regular election held last fall he was again elected captain of the track team, but, on account of school work, he has resigned, much to the regret of those in the school interested in athletics. His successor, Ralph Cassell, has gone into the work with much energy, and may be expected to put an efficient team in the field.

The interest in track athletics in the High School should increase every year, for, added to the desire to break the standing records will be the increase in the number of contestants for places on the team attendant on the growth of the school. Besides, this branch loses a smaller proportion of experienced men by the graduation of the senior class than do foot-ball and base-ball, so that a good team may be looked for next year.

C. C. H.

FIELD DAY—MAY 23, 1896.

OFFICERS.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Charles C. Hall, Frank C. Diver, Henry J. Mersen, William J. Slater.

REFEREE:

Shattuck O. Hartwell.

JUDGES:

Will. DeVisser, Edgar Sergeant, John Engel.

TIMERS:

Stephen P. Cobb, Will. D. Harris, Alfred Curtenius.

STARTER:

E. E. Green.

CLERK OF COURSE, AND ANNOUNCER:

Charles C. Beardsley.

MARSHALS:

J. Hackley Skinner, Glenn Faling, Edward J. Kilgore.

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS:

Walter denBleyker, Charles C. Hall, Kirby Upjohn.

COMMITTEE ON ENTRIES:

Frank C. Diver, Ralph J. Cassell, William J. Slater, H. Edmands.

COMMITTEE ON PRIZES:

Charles C. Beardsley, Henry J. Mersen.

EVENTS.

- ✓ 100-yard Dash.—Angus Inkster. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.
- Potato Race.—Mark Diver. Time, 31 seconds.
- High Kick.—H. Edmands. Height, 8 feet 2½ inches.
- ✓ 220-yard Dash.—Alfred Curtenius. Time, 25 4-5 seconds.
- Throwing Base Ball.—Henry J. Mersen. Distance, 327 feet, 5 in.
- Pole Vault.—H. Edmands. Height, 8 feet 7 inches.
- ✓ 440-yard Dash.—Angus Inkster. Time, 1:02 3-5.
- ✓ Standing High Jump.—Stephen P. Cobb. Height, 4 feet 1½ in.
- Mile Run.—Clifford Carson. Time, 5:17⅓.
- Throwing 16-lb Hammer.—Lee Barkenbus. Distance, 92 ft. 11 in.
- ✓ Running Broad Jump.—Charles C. Hall. Distance, 18 feet 2 in.
- ✓ Half-mile Run.—A. Curtenius. Time, 2:28.
- ✓ Running High Jump.—Stephen P. Cobb. Distance, 4 feet 10 in.
- Putting 16-pound Shot.—Lee Barkenbus. Distance, 32 feet, 1 in.
- Half-mile Bicycle Race.—Glenn Wheaton. Time, 1:09.
- ✓ Standing Broad Jump.—Charles C. Hall. Distance, 9 feet 8 in.
- Two-mile Bicycle Race.—Carl Upjohn. Time, 5:23.

✓ 12 lb. Shot. C. C. Hall

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THE ALUMNI.



NUMBER of years ago there was a strong feeling among some of the frugal tax-payers of Kalamazoo, that the High School should be abolished. In their opinion it was neither justice nor good policy to give to the youth of the village any instruction beyond the most elementary branches, at the expense of the public, and they felt, when more than this was attempted, the results obtained were not commensurate with the money expended. If, however, we look at what has been accomplished, we feel sure that every thinking person, interested in the welfare of the young, must be glad that the larger-minded citizens were in the majority, and that the Kalamazoo High School was left to do its work and have its place in the hearts and lives of the people.

In 1863 the first class was graduated from the school. It numbered eight members, five boys and three girls, a majority in favor of the boys that has been very unusual in the classes following. Since 1863 a class has been sent out each year, the numbers varying from two members in 1875 to forty-three in 1892. In all the school has graduated five hundred and eighty-one pupils, who, profiting by the instruction and helpful influence there obtained, have gone out, we believe, better fitted to take up the duties that awaited them, whether those duties lay in the quiet of a sheltered home or in the greater activity of a business life. It is a hopeful thing that more and more the graduates of the school realize the importance of further instruction than they can obtain in a high school course, and so each year there are larger numbers of them who enter upon a college life. It is also a pleasant thing that so many of the students in their higher work have been not only a credit to themselves, but an honor to the school that laid the foundation and perhaps imparted the desire for further study. In looking over the names of about six hundred persons constituting the alumni of the High School, we find represent-

atives of nearly every position in life. To any one person most of these are necessarily unknown, but it may be interesting to follow in brief the career of a few, who chance to come within the knowledge of the writer, and who, through marked success in later work, have helped give to the school the good name it enjoys.

The first graduating class numbered among its members William J. Stuart, now a prominent lawyer of Grand Rapids. At that time, for a "western boy," going to college was by no means the every day occurrence it is now, and so we are glad that the first class sent out from the High School furnished a student for the University. After taking his degree, Mr. Stuart made the law his profession, practicing in Grand Rapids, where he still resides. Mr. Stuart was, for two years, mayor of Grand Rapids, and is at present the city attorney.

To Caroline I. Hubbard, now Mrs. Carl Kleinstuck, and Harriet L. Winslow belongs the distinction of being the first women graduating from the High School to enter the State University. So common an event is that at the present that the girls enter college and take their degree with little or no comment, but at that time a wave of excitement passed over the town, at the knowledge that two of the High School girls were going to Ann Arbor.

In the class of 1876 was Charles W. Hitchcock, who, following in the footsteps of his father, for years an honored member of our school board, adopted medicine as his profession. In 1880 Mr. Hitchcock took the degree of A. M. at the University of Michigan, following his college life with three years of teaching. In 1885 he was graduated from the Detroit Medical College, and after being connected with the Eastern Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Pontiac, Dr. Hitchcock commenced the practice of medicine in Detroit, and is, at the present time, one of the prominent physicians of that city.

Not only to those that knew him personally, but to many others also, the name of Edward Israel brings a feeling of sadness as they recall the young life that went out in the cold and darkness of an Arctic winter. Graduated from the High School in '77, young Israel finished his work in the University a few months in advance of his class, that he might accompany the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, which left the United States in the spring of '81. From among many

applicants for the place, Mr. Israel was chosen, through the advice of Prof. Mark Harrington, as the one best fitted to serve as the astronomer of the expedition. Of a genial disposition, hopeful and cheerful even in the midst of all the suffering that came to the ill-fated company, "The Benjamin," as they called him, greatly endeared himself to the entire party, who, as his end drew near, gladly saw given to him the food and stimulants so sadly needed by those who would survive him. To many the recollection is still clear of the summer day when all that was mortal of Edward Israel was brought to his home and laid beside his kindred. Then all the town united in paying their respect to the young man who had given up his life itself to the cause of the science he so much loved.

The class of 1877 numbered also among its members Mr. Homer H. Kingsley. After completing his work in the High School, Mr. Kingsley entered the State University, where, after taking his degree, he remained as instructor for two years. At the end of that time he accepted the position offered him as Superintendent of the Public Schools at Evanston, Ill., which place he has ever since filled.

In the class of '78 we find the name of Albert W. Hitchcock, who entered Amherst College after his graduation from the High School. Mr. Hitchcock took the first and second degrees at that college; he also spent some time in teaching, serving as principal of the school at Frankfort, and Superintendent at Decatur. From 1884 to 1886 he was Principal of the Kalamazoo High School, leaving it to pursue his studies at the Yale Divinity School. There he secured the Hooker Prize Fellowship, which entitled him to a year's study in New Haven and another in Europe. Upon his return from Germany, in 1891, he became pastor of the Belleville Congregational Church in Newburyport, Mass.

Among the members of the class of 1879 is Frederick H. Britton, whose friends are glad to congratulate him upon an appointment received during the past winter. Mr. Britton, after leaving the High School, spent one year in the Kalamazoo College, by this means finishing his course at the University in three. Returning to Kalamazoo, he was employed in newspaper work, serving at different times on the Telegraph and the Gazette. He afterwards left Kalamazoo and

went to Detroit, where he has been engaged in work on the News and the Tribune of that city. In the winter of '95 Mr. Britton was appointed Tally Clerk of the House of Representatives, a fact upon which he is to be congratulated because of the many applicants for the position. During his stay in Washington Mr. Britton has continued his work on the Detroit papers with which he is connected.

The class of '79 was especially fruitful in journalism, for we find there, too, Miss Georgia F. Kidder, who has been for several years a member of the staff of the Kalamazoo Daily Telegraph.

Mr. James H. Kinnane, of the class of 1881, has, during the past winter, been appointed, by the President, to a place of trust in connection with the dealing of the United States Government with the Indians. Mr. Kinnane has practiced law in Kalamazoo for a number of years, and his fellow townsmen are glad that this confidence has been reposed in one of their citizens. The position is that of Commissioner of Deeds to the Indians in Severalty, and it is certainly to be hoped that, through the appointment of men not influenced by selfish motives, fairer dealings with the Indians may result.

The alumni of the High School has not been without its artists, for among its members are Lucy Fitch Perkins and Florence Fitch, both of whom have had marked success in the line of work they have attempted. Miss Lucy Fitch, after leaving Kalamazoo, became a pupil in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, where she received special favors because of her promise in art. Graduated from the Institute, she became a teacher in the Art School, where she remained until her marriage in 1891. Mrs. Perkins is at present illustrating for Prang, which of itself speaks much for her ability. She recently received a prize given by the Chicago Society of Artists, and has several times had honorable mention in the black and white exhibits.

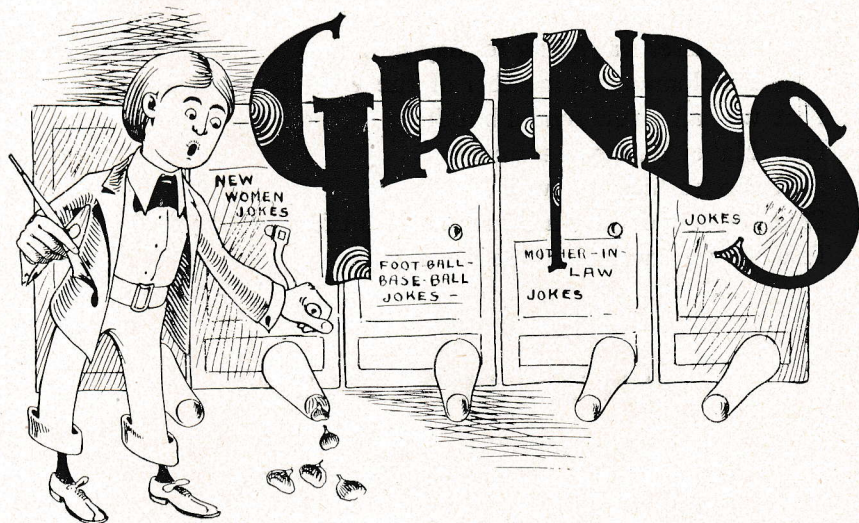
Miss Florence Fitch belonged to the class of '86. After her graduation in Kalamazoo, she spent several years teaching in the public schools of Evanston, Ill., meanwhile carrying on a written course in art. Through her success in the work, she received a scholarship in Pratt Institute, entitling her to a year's study in that place, at the end of which she accepted a position as teacher of art at Milledgeville, Georgia.

The class of 1885 is glad to number among its members Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, now of the University at Minneapolis. After taking his degree at Amherst, Mr. Woodbridge spent three years at Union Theological Seminary, and for his proficiency received a fellowship giving him a course of study of two years abroad. Upon his return he became professor of philosophy in the State University of Minnesota. Mr. Woodbridge was president of the class in his junior and senior years at Amherst, and enjoyed the same honor for a year at Union Theological Seminary.

Miss Gertrude Buck and Miss Marian U. Strong, both of the class of 1890, have, in a very marked degree, excelled in the work they have been engaged in since leaving the High School. Miss Buck completed the four years' course at the University, receiving the title M. S.; this study was followed, in '94 and '95, by a post-graduate course of a year. While at Ann Arbor she gained a fellowship in the Chicago University, but resigned the fellowship, after three months' work in Chicago, to accept the position of assistant in English at the Michigan University, a position for which she is admirably fitted.

Miss Strong commenced her college work at home, studying during her freshman year in the Kalamazoo College. The last three she took at Ann Arbor, gaining there a scholarship at Bryn Mawr. After finishing the year's work at that place Miss Strong went, last fall, to Painesville, Ohio, where she is teaching, with peculiar success, in the Lake Erie Seminary.

Did space permit, we should be glad to speak more particularly of others who have taken a high place in their lines of work; of Chas. F. May, who has been for many years a successful newspaper man; of Louis O. P. Hoyt's career in music; of George R. Hare, who has distinguished himself in athletic sports; of William Bradford Buck, recently successful in securing a Harvard scholarship, and others. Nor would we forget to mention, with affection and respect, the many members of the alumni, who, through with earth and its lessons, have been graduated to the higher life beyond. Perhaps, after all, the best work accomplished by the High School for its pupils has not been that of imparting a desire for further study among the few, but the inspiration to honest, useful lives, whatever the station, in the many; as we look all about us, in the home, the school, and the place of business, we see honorable and faithful men and women, who, we feel sure, are glad to remember that they were once members of the Kalamazoo High School.



GRINDS.

We are informed, through a very reliable source, that a short time ago Mr. Hartwell fell asleep and dreamed—

That Kilgore had his lessons;
That Stephens was a sport;
That Russell flunked;
That DeVisser was going to play foot-ball;
That Ketchum was a member of the Athletic Association;
That we had a new school building;
That Mabel W. never skipped;
That the freshies behaved;
That the school gave a liberal donation for field-day;
That he was invited to a Senior banquet.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"O, sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."—*C. Beardsley.*

"The man that hath no music in himself."—*W. Rounds.*

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."—*B. Dunham.*

"E'en though vanquished he could argue still."—*D. Wood.*

"Present mirth hath pleasant laughter."—*C. Morgan.*

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted."—*W. denBleyker.*

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."—*H. Skinner.*

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright."—*G. Faling.*

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."—*J. Engel.*

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."—*Chas. Hall.*

"A quiet lad who had a look of wisdom from his youth."—*A. Inkster.*

"So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more."—*The Seniors.*

"His studie was but little on the Bible."—*Britton.*

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."—*Kilgore.*

"So wise, so young, they say, do never live long."—*Paul Kellogg.*

"Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."—*Mabel Winans.*

"Now by all the Gods at once upon what meat
Doth this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great."—*Lee Barkenbus.*

"In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme"—*W. S. Rounds.*

"O that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue
That every one might know them."—*The Freshmen.*

"NEW READINGS IN HISTORY."

The leader of this Parliament was God-praising Barebones.

The Order of the Jesuits was founded by St. Indignatius Loyola.

Herostratus wished to demoralize his name.

Pythagoras believed in the immortality of the soul.

When they went to notify Cincinnatus they found him sitting on
his plow in the field.

The Athenians believed they were descended from a grasshopper. Pyrrhus admired the Romans because only the front ones were wounded.

The Pope sent Luther a bull, telling him he must recant within sixty days. He kept it outside the city for a while and then he burnt it.

Luther was captured on the way back from this place where the diet of worms was held.

Napoleon found the men without food or clothing, but he made them a cheerful speech and led them across the Alps.

Grant sent refreshments to Buell.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS LEVY:—You will find when the Declaration of Independence was signed in any United States History.

MISS BOYDEN:—(1) Yes, we think you will look well on a wheel. (2) No, we never advise any one to wear bloomers. (3) We think a tan suit will b come you.

MR. WOOD:—We never give addresses in this column, but if you have a sister she can probably secure the desired tonic at her hair-dresser's.

MISS BRUNDAGE:—Yes, the motor man was right in refusing to carry you when you did not present your transfer at the corner.

MISS BRISTOL:—We hardly know how to advise in a case like yours; you should not have made a second proposal until you knew whether the first had been accepted. (2) From the description, we should say you are a decided blonde.

MR. COBB:—"Roberts' Rules of Order" is the best reference we can give on Parliamentary Law.

MR. HALL:—You can find "We May Still Love" at any music house.

MISS WHITE:—From the example you send, we should say you have a fair idea of the French language. (2) No, we wouldn't advise you to tell fish stories.

MISS EDWARDS:—We would recommend you to trust the cultivation of your voice to only the most experienced teachers.

MISS POMEROY:—No, you should not have refused to allow the young man to call; he probably knew how far you lived before he asked.

MISS THACKERAY:—Under the circumstances it was all right for you to accept the young man's company, but it was hardly proper for him to ask you to go riding after 12 o'clock.

Thanks for information are due Messrs. Diver, Inkster and Lindsley.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

Knight in English Lit.—“Bunyan wrote ‘Robinson Crusoe.’ ”

In Cicero Class.—“What were those wars with the Carthaginians called?”

Walton.—“Tunic Wars.”

Miss B——y (quoting from “The Deserted Village”).—“The swine responsive to the milk-maid sang.”

Bright 10th Grade Pupil.—“Christianity was first introduced in the 9th century B. C.”

Junior (reading Burns).—“The wee bit ingle blinking bonnily.”

Teacher.—“What is the meaning of the word ‘ingle?’ ”

Junior.—“I don’t know, unless it is a baby.”

B—g—w (translating Vergil).—“Then in the distance was seen a herd of oxen without a shepherd.”

Miss Thompson in Greek class.—“Earl, Dir (dear), you may go on.”

Miss Dunham (looking up American Literary notes).—“Who was Beatrice? Oh! I know; she was the one Dante was in love with.”

Miss Thackeray (absently).—“I thought he was in love with his wife.”

Miss Marchant (speaking of the oracle at Delphi).—“The Pythonesse sat over the fumes on a trident.”

Miss Knight (giving a quotation).—"Aneas stood beside himself."

Miss G—— (giving a quotation).—"I like this place, and would willing waste my time in it."

Miss Sheldon (in Physics).—"Angular currents tend to parallize."

Miss McLean (Senior).—"Since these triangles are similar, these lines are hypogenous."



P. Kellogg (translating).—"I recommend my soul to God."

Miss Howard.—"Diver, you may continue."

Diver (getting up with a jerk and translating).—"What's it to you?"

Wood made a very *sensible* translation the other day; it was as follows: "A knight enters and speaks a few words *silently* to the bastard."

Strange reports have come lately from the German recitations. Rumor has it that Pierce is very successful in translating the great German oaths, while Miss Bristol never gets a "very smooth translation for this part;" but the climax was reached the other day when Wood got up and began his translation, with some feeling, thus: "Let me embrace you;" then, after a pause, "I can't go any farther." Teacher: "That will do."

THE MOUSE WHO VISITED 12 GERMAN, SQUEALS.

King Charles has been endeavoring to persuade Joan of Arc to marry, but to no purpose. DenBleyker, translating: "Brecht ab. Es ist umsonst sie zu bewegen," arises to the occasion and reads: "Break away. It is in vain to move her," and he wonders why the class laugh.

Pierce firmly believes in the physical strength of the women of ancient times. Translating stage directions, he says: "Agnes Sorel enters, a small chest in her hand," and after an affecting scene between Joan and Agnes, "Joan lifts her gently into the air." Perhaps this is the reason that Cobb, in describing the Maid, states that "she walks with sunk head and uncertain steps," and denBleyker declares that "she calls herself a clairvoyant." Poor Joan! "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

"MEMORY GEMS."

"Aeneas finally reached Italy, where he consulted the Sibyl, who conducted him through Hades in Book VI."

"Juno consecrated their nuptials. After that Aeneas and Dido had a good deal to do with each other."

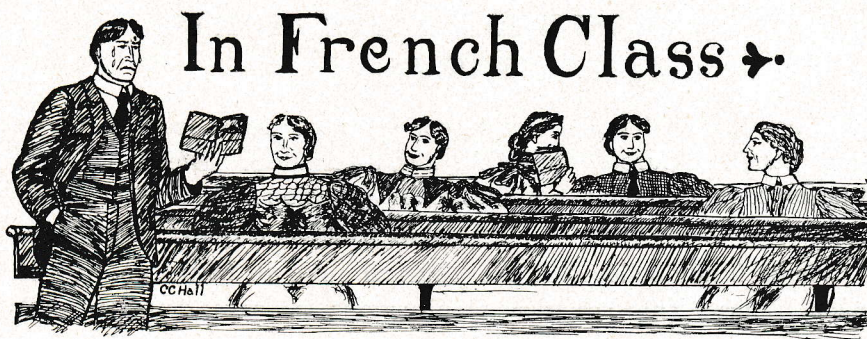
"His chief books were the works of Aristotle and the biblical characters in the Old Testament."

"Savonarola submitted his neck to the hangman in the forty-fifth year of his life."—*Essay on Savonarola*.

Caes, De Bello Gallico, Bk. III, Cap. 3: "The baggage wagons having made a sally."

Bk. IV, Cap. 2: "The Germans considered nothing more base than for the horsemen to wear saddles."

"Had it not fell into the hands of the Turks, it might of become the largest city in the world."—*Essay on Constantinople*.



TRANSLATIONS,

Eva White—"Il y a outres (there were bottles there): There are others."

Chas. Hall—"Je l' ignore (I do not know): I am ignorant."

Beatrice Pomeroy—(Description of Michael Strogoff): "His head was square on top, and his nose overlooked a symmetrical mouth."

Mary Th-ck-r-y (translating)—"I will go on foot and search a horse."

Miss Howard—"I was not aware that a horse had pockets."

Alice Pomeroy—"She was like a statue of grease."

M—g—ret Ed—ds (translating the song of the mourner with much expression)—"Charles Baptiste! May Christ receive your soul; you are going to a place where it is hotter than it is cold."

Hall—"Sergeant, why did you drop French?"

Sergeant—"O, it was too easy!"

Charlie Anderson has left our High School, but he is not forgotten, at least not by the lonely boy in the French class.

We all know that Miss Brundage would not use a swear word, but the other day, in French, when she used the word "confounded" in translating, she blushed and said: "I didn't mean a swear word."

PERSONAL QUOTATIONS.

"Gee! that's a pretty girl! I must get an introduction to her."

—*W. DeVisser.*

"The Freshman Girls are prettier than the Seniors."—*E. Kilgore.*

"No, I didn't! I never do take a good-looking picture."—*M. Boyden.*

"Any time I flunk!"—*Stephen Cobb.*

"Don't! Stop!"—*Pauline Davis.*

"Do you know Anna Dispennett?"—*N. Root.*

"I am a society belle."—*Mabel Davis.*

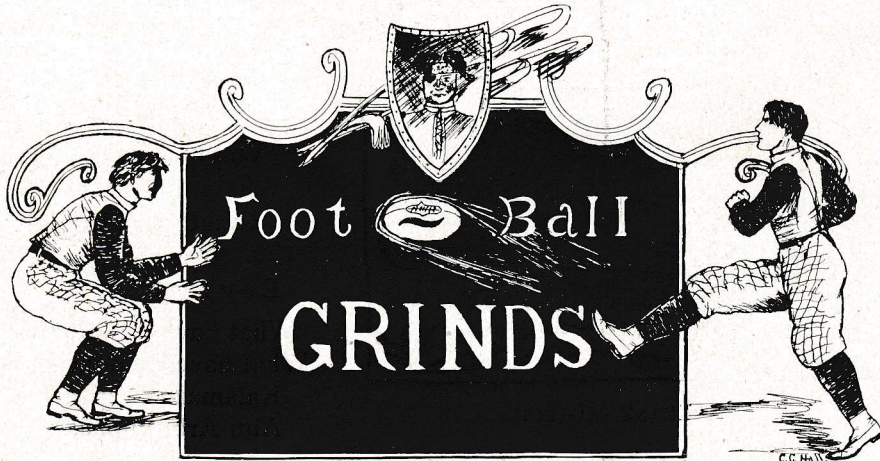
"I never tell fish stories."—*Eva White.*

"It takes me two hours a day to curl my hair."—*L. Hoffman.*

"They can't grind me, for I haven't said anything."—*B. Pomeroy.*

"I don't care; every girl ought to have a Will of her own."—*Leah Stern.*

"We'll take pineapple ice, if you please."—*Four Gamma's.*



A suitable reward will be given to the person who did not play on either of the foot-ball teams last fall, but is able to guess who said the following:

"Gad! fellow, but that was rotten."—"I could break that interference with a feather."—"Say, Sergeant, I don't want to see you fumble that ball again."—"Now, try that same play again, and I want to see every man get into that interference, do you hear? 15, 64, 8, 62, 87."—"Oh! rotten!! rotten!!!"—"Say, Hall is that the kind of foot-ball you teach your men?"—"Try a tackle play, and every man use his head; think! think! think!"

Miss Watson and Miss Howard were at the Grand Rapids game. The following conversation was overheard:

"I wish it wasn't so cold! Dear! Why don't they begin?"

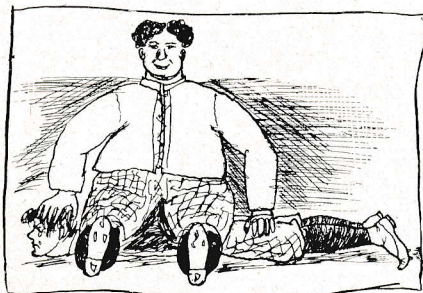
"There they are! My! aren't their suits dirty?"

"There, somebody kicked the ball! Just look at them go for it!"

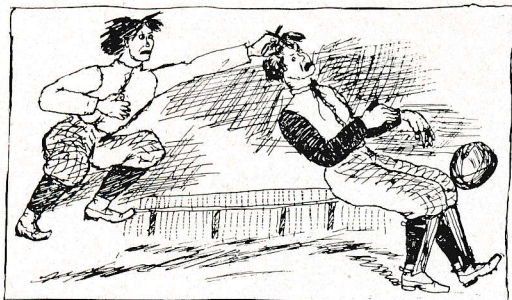
"Look at the pile of them! They will kill that little fellow if they aren't careful!"

"There they go again! That little Diver is pretty spry."

After the game: "Foot-ball is a nice game, but, dear me! it is awfully rough."



BARKENBUS HOLDING HIS MAN.



SERGEANT TACKLING.

Yells heard on the field:

"Whom did we beat?

Whom did we beat?

Grand Rapids High

School—

Easy meat."

"What have we done?

What have we done?

Kalamazoo eight,

Ann Arbor none.

Barkenbus flew up the stairs, so they say,
For a man of his bulk, in a marvelous way,
But Hall caught him there and turned him about,
As, "Will you stay to the practice?" he panted out.

"We don't want to play in your yard,

We don't like you any more;

We are weak and weary players,

Very sad and Oh! so sore!

—*Jackson on the 12th of October, 1895.*

1. A touch-down sootheth
the nerves; but a black eye
stirreth up strife.

2. To kick thy neighbor's shins is wickedness; but a sleepy umpire will not see it.

3. A rubber nose guard defendeth the nose; but a handful of hair will do as well.

4. Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest thou wilt be sore and stiff.

5. Cultivate with the Captain, walk with him alway, for in an hour that thou knowest not he will put thee on the team.

6. A man who maketh a long punt rejoiceth; but he that hath his kick blocked talketh to himself in an undertone.

7. Better is the small man who runneth low and hard, than the bright player who followeth not his interference.



ATTENDANT—"Sometimes. He tried to place the subs and men on the High School foot-ball team last fall."



THE THANKSGIVING REVOLVING WEDGE.

KNOCKERS.

See yonder Junior in the Hall,
His head erect and a' that,
None other than the mighty Paul,
The athlete, sport and a' that.
But for a' that and a' that
His senior airs and a' that,
Though he hangs his hat on the senior rack,
A Junior's a Junior for a' that.

The other day, in Civil Government, G. Vickery Weimer, in answer to a question, made a statement which will go down in the records of the world as marvelous and of entire originality (?). In speaking of the effects of war upon the country, he was asked what else a war did besides increasing the taxes. While the proper answer was on every tongue, he, with much deliberation and coolness, replied: "It decreases the population." Mid thunderous applause his face grew pale(?).

"Kip" Edmonds—"I'll run through the creek and get my feet wet, if any other fellow will, too." An example of Freshman philosophy.

For some mysterious reason Royden Rothermel is fond of small change. He has repeatedly shown that he prefers little Nichols to any coins of larger denomination.

Frank Diver is a pretty boy,
And yellow is his pate;
They say that if you make him
mad,
He'll resign as sure as fate.

"I am going to resign as toastmaster of the Class Banquet, because I don't believe they will have one."

—den Bleyker.

Omnis Gallia in tres partes
divisa est—Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors.



THE FRESHMAN.

WHO ARE THEY?

"Papa, may we go to Lawrence's dancing school to-night?"

Papa—"No, not without a chaperon, dears."

"Well, we'll get Ned Hitchcock."

Example of Junior spelling—Israelight, Isrealidghts.

Who?—One of the young men was so well entertained by three of the girls one day that he fell asleep, to repay them with a solo which they did not appreciate. He was much surprised to find they had left when he awoke.

"Was the old gentleman at home?"

DeVisser—"Yes, he was home; I didn't go in."

Geometry Teacher—"Yes, Mr. I-ster, its all right to use your common sense, but we want better authority."

Skinner (going into Geometry Class)—"Miss Watson has got me fated."

Inkster—"Why, what's the matter?"

Skinner—"I flunk every time she has on a new dress."

Inkster—"Hard luck!"

Mr. Hartwell's Vergil class must be getting rather uninteresting for the other day one of the members fell asleep and entertained the class with a musical snoring. (The "Board" advises Ed. B-g-l-w not to go to see his girl more than once a week).



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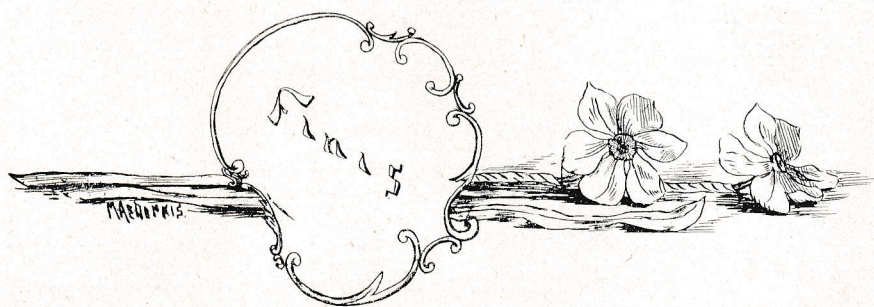
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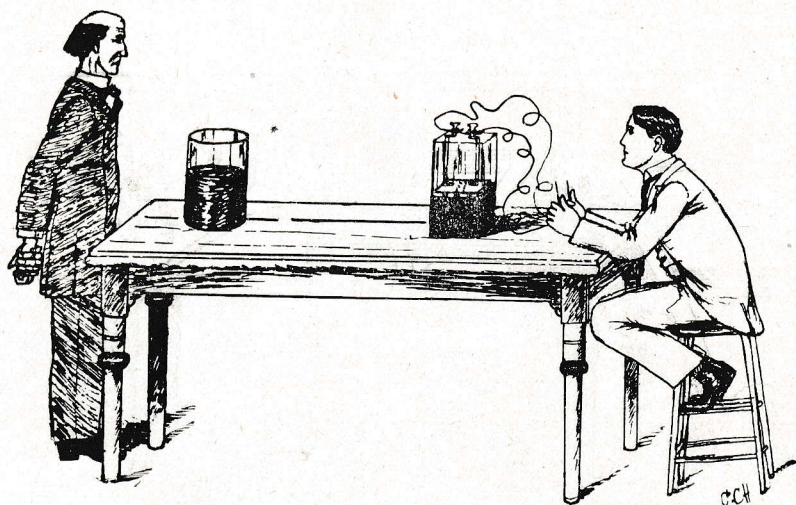
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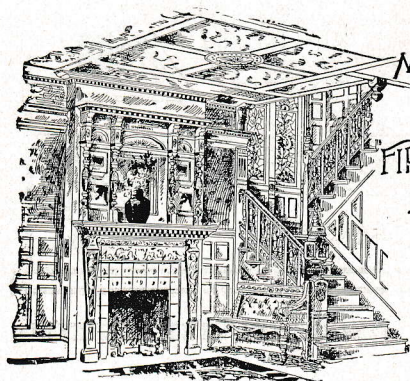


The unsuspecting student is told by the professor to test the strength of current by touching the ends of the wires to his tongue.

Continued on page 99.

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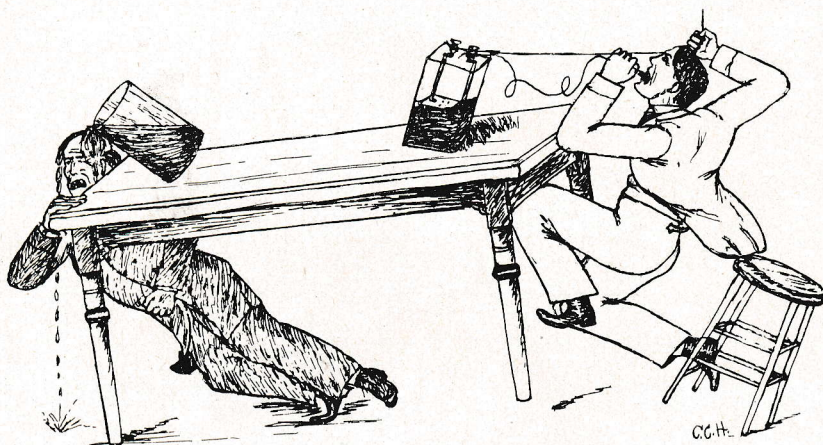
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The other day Mr. Worth announced in the large room: "All those who take Physics may report in my room." Then he wondered why the Freshmen smiled.—*From the Freshman.*

Hall is grind editor for this year. That accounts for the appearance of his note-book and pencil every time something funny occurs in French Class.

Worth in Physics—"Delamarter, your circle isn't square."

Miss Clarke, speaking of Stanley Hall—"He lectured in Saginaw the other night, and the Hall was full."

Barkenbus is wedged in a 10-1 seat and can't get out. The seat will be a good addition to the weight of the foot-ball team next fall.

—*The Freshman.*



Picture of the expression on the face of Henry Kip Edmands when he entered the High School.

—*From the Freshman.*

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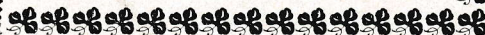


PHOTO OF 'REDDY' CONRON



Theorem:—In the same circle or in equal circles, equal chords are equally distant from the center. (From original demonstration.)

The Freshman.

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From the Freshman.

THE CAT. "Well, Hall's got to stop it if I have to lose my bootjack."



From the Freshman.

MISS (taking exercise). "How mean of you, Mr. —, to kiss me by force when I had both hands occupied and couldn't defend myself."

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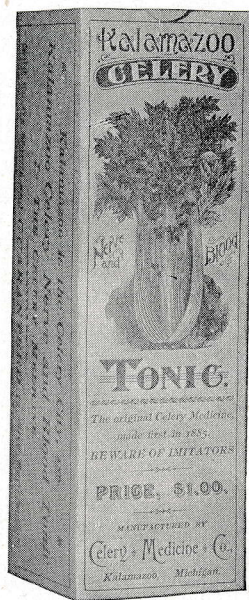
The Freshman is a graphite printed paper circulated among a chosen few at the High School, to which the *Adelphic* is indebted for some grinds and pictures, as the following notice explains:

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FRANK S. CHILDS,
Sec. of *Freshman*.



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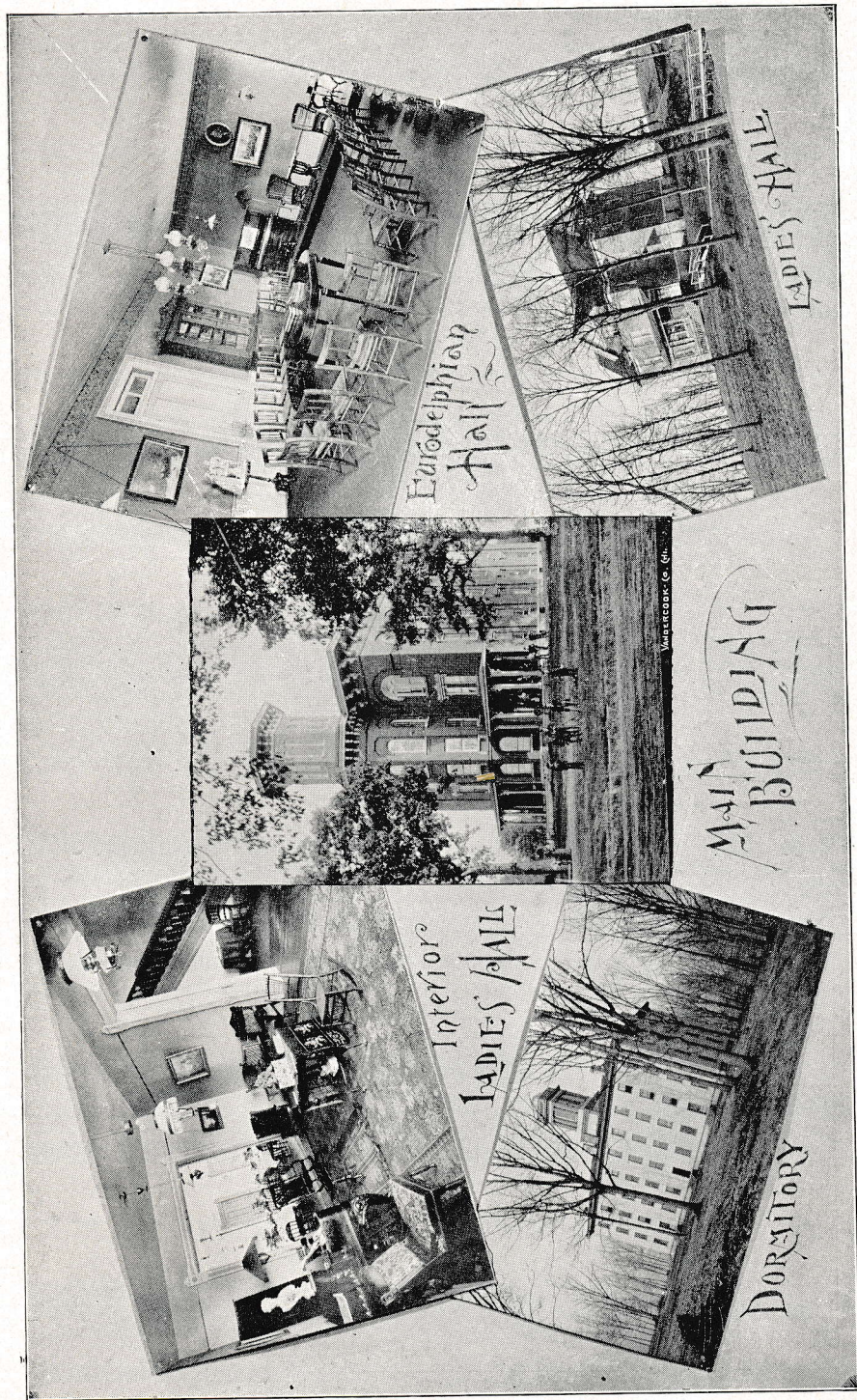
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






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